

# THE AMERICAN UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

No. III.]—JANUARY 8, 1798.—[VOL. IV.

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*Embellished with a portrait of Moliere.*

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P H I L A D E L P H I A :

PRINTED BY SAMUEL H. SMITH and THOMAS SMITH  
No. 118, Chestnut street.

*Where communications will be received.*

TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Were we making a collection of specimens of BATHOS—  
Sapho's "ODE TO LIGHT" should hold a conspicuous place.

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MOMUS will please to recollect that, "want of decency is  
want of sense."

---

The *new experiment* of the "CHEMIST," may be *quite*  
*new* to him, but it certainly was not to the Chemists of the *last*  
*century*.

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The "FRIEND TO MODERATION" is two *immoderate* in  
the abuse he bestows on those he differs in opinion with, for pub-  
lication.

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A number of pieces are under consideration.

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THE  
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*UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.*

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JANUARY 8, 1798.

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LIFE OF MOLIERE.

WITH AN ELEGANT HEAD.

**J**OHN Baptist Poquelin de Moliere, one of the best writers of comedy that perhaps any country can boast of, was born at Paris in the year 1620. Both his father and grandfather were valet-de-chambre to Louis XIII. and upholsterers to the court, and his mother whose name was Boudet, was the daughter of an upholsterer who lived in the neighbourhood. Our poet was intended for the same profession; and as his father had procured for him the reversion of his place, he bestowed very little care upon his education. Till he attained to the age of fourteen, he scarcely knew any thing, except what belonged to the business of the shop; but his grandfather, who was remarkably fond of him, having often carried him to the play-house, he conceived such a fondness for the theatre, that he became quite disgusted with the business of an upholsterer, and requested his grandfather to prevail upon his parents to suffer him to pursue his own inclinations, and to begin a course of study. In consequence of

this, he was sent, though not without some reluctance, to the Jesuits College, where he soon distinguished himself by his acuteness and facility in acquiring knowledge, so that in the space of five years, he made a considerable progress, both in the Latin language and in philosophy. At college, he became acquainted with the Prince of Conti, Chapelle the poet, and Bernier, who was afterwards physician to the Great Mogul. The celebrated Gassendi was preceptor to Chapelle, and as he remarked in our author much docility and penetration, he took great pleasure in instructing him, and it is perhaps owing to this circumstance, that Moliere acquired that taste for philosophy which he retained during his whole life.

When he had completed his studies, he was obliged, on account of the great age of his father, to exercise his employment for some time, and he even attended Louis XIII. in a tour to Narbonne. On his return to Paris in 1641, his passion for the theatre became so strong, that he resolved to devote himself entirely to it, and as it was then customary for a few friends to represent pieces among themselves, some citizens formed a company of which Moliere was one. and acted several times for their own diversion; but when they had gratified their desire, imagining themselves to be excellent performers, they began to think of deriving some profit from their exhibitions. They, therefore, established themselves in the Fauxbourg St. Germain, calling their society the *Illustrious Theatre*, and it was then that our poet first assumed the name of Moliere, which he always afterwards retained.

The establishment of this new company was attended with little success, because the performers would not follow the advice of Moliere, whose discernment was far superior to theirs, as they had not had the same advantages. A certain author relates, but apparently without any foundation, that Moliere's relations were so alarmed, on account of this connection, that they sent a clergyman to expostulate with him, on the dishonor which he would bring on his family, and the danger to which he himself would be exposed if he continued to exercise a profession which was both repugnant to good morals, and condemned by the church: but that Moliere, after having patiently heard the ecclesiastic for some time, spoke with so much eloquence in favor of the theatre, that he brought him over to his way of thinking, and even prevailed upon him to go along with him, in order to commence actor. Whatever may have



given rise to this story, it is certain, that Moliere's relations did every thing in their power to divert him from his resolution, but without the desired success; his passion for comedy was too deeply rooted to be easily eradicated, and all their arguments proved of no avail.

Though this company did not meet with the expected encouragement, Moliere, however, had an opportunity of displaying his talents, which seemed to be wonderfully adapted for the stage. The Prince of Conti, in whose Hotel he had often acted, gave him great encouragement, and as he was desirous of honoring him with his protection, he ordered him to come to him into Languedoc with his company, in order to perform some of his pieces. In his way thither, in 1653, he exhibited at Lyons his *Blunderer*, the first regular piece he composed, which had as much success as he could expect. After this, he proceeded to Languedoc, where he was received very favorably by the Prince of Conti, who was so good as to assign pensions to each of his performers.

In this province our author acquired much reputation, by the three first pieces he brought out, which were *The Blunderer*, *The Amorous Quarrel*, and *The Romantic Ladies*. The Prince of Conti was particularly pleased with them; he gave him fresh marks of his friendship and kindness, entrusting him with the management of those spectacles which he exhibited in the province, and as he remarked many good qualities in him, his esteem for him was so much increased, that he offered to make him his secretary. Moliere, however, was fond of independence; he begged the Prince to suffer him to continue as a comedian, and the place was consequently bestowed upon another. When his friends blamed him for not accepting so advantageous an offer, "Gentlemen," said our poet, "I am a tolerable author, if I can trust to the voice of the public, but I may be a very bad secretary. I divert the Prince with the pieces I represent before him, but I might, perhaps, disgust him in a serious employment by my bad conduct. Besides, do you think," added he, "that a misanthrope like me, and of a capricious temper, if you will, is fit to live with a great man? My disposition is not pliable enough for being a domestic; and what would become of all these poor people whom I have brought hither from so great a distance? Who would protect them?"

They have depended upon me for support, and I should tax myself with ingratitude were I to desert them."

After residing five years in Languedoc, Moliere found that he had sufficient strength to support a comic theatre, and that he had formed his actors in such a manner, as gave him reason to hope for better success than he had met with at first; he depended much also on the Prince of Conti. Having set out, therefore, with a design to return to Paris, he stopped at Grenoble, where he acted during the carnival; from thence he proceeded to Rouen, where he resided some time, and on his arrival at the capital, he was introduced to the King and Queen, before whom he had the honor of exhibiting his *Necomedes* in the month of October 1658.

His majesty was so well pleased with the performance of Moliere's company, that he was desirous he should establish himself in Paris, and for this purpose he assigned him a place where he might perform his pieces alternately with the Italians. Our poet, however, diffident of his own abilities, was afraid that his productions would not be received with the same applause in Paris as they had been in the provinces; but, as his performers, who knew the happy turn he had for comedy, gave him every encouragement, he began acting in the capital on the 3d of November, 1658. The *Blunderer*, the first of his pieces, which was performed in the course of that month, and the *Amorous Quarrel*, which was represented in the December following, were highly applauded, but in 1659, on the appearance of his *Romantic Ladies*, the opinion which the public entertained of his abilities was greatly increased. Though this piece had been often acted in the provinces it brought full houses in the capital, and seemed to have all the merit of novelty. One night, during the representation of it, an old man cried out from the pit, "Have a good heart, Moliere, this is some thing like comedy." An expression which evidently shews, that comedy was then much neglected, and that the audience were disgusted with the bad pieces which had been performed before the time of Moliere.

On the 23th of March, 1660, he brought out with much applause, his *Imaginary Cuckold*; but he was not so successful in the second new piece which he represented at Paris, and which was entitled the *Jealous Prince*, or *Don Garcias of Navarre*. Our poet himself was sensible of its inferiority to his other comedies, and on that account, he never had it printed, nor was

it inserted in his works till after his death. He was not, however, discouraged by this want of success, and though it gave his enemies a momentary triumph, he soon re-established his character, by the *School for Husbands*, which came out on the 24th June, 1661. This piece, which is accounted one of the best Moliere ever wrote, convinced the public, that he was a master in the species of writing he had undertaken. It was followed by the *Impertinents*, which appeared the same year, and which gave our poet a decided superiority over all his contemporaries who wrote for the stage.

Soon after the representation of his *School for Wives*, which had no great success, and of the *Impromptu of Versailles*, the King was so sensible of Moliere's merit, and of the exertions which he made, in order to contribute to his amusement, that he bestowed upon him a pension of a thousand livres. His situation was now very comfortable; he enjoyed the favor of his sovereign, and the approbation of the public; but he thought his happiness would be much more complete, if he shared it with a female companion. The rising charms of the daughter of *La Bejart*, one of his actresses, had made a deep impression on his heart; he had been acquainted with her from her infancy, and was desirous of giving her his hand; but as he knew that the mother, who had other views, would never consent to their union, he determined to do it privately. This event gave great offence to *La Bejart*, and its consequences appear not to have been very fortunate for our poet. Madam Moliere's conduct afforded him too much occasion for suspicions, and though he took great pains to make his wife sensible of her imprudence, his representations were without effect, so that after many domestic broils and quarrels, he resolved to seek relief in his closet, and to give himself no farther concern about her behaviour.

It has often been a subject of enquiry why Moliere shewed so much resentment in his writings against physicians. The cause of it is said to have been as follows: having taken lodgings at the house of a physician, whose wife was extremely avaricious, this woman often told him, that she intended to raise the rent of that part of the house which he occupied, but our poet scarcely ever deigned to return her any answer, so that the apartments were let to an actress named *Du Parc*, and Moliere was turned out of doors. *Du Parc*, in order to secure the friendship of her hostess, gave her a ticket for the play, which she received with much joy, because it enabled her to see it



without expence. She had, however, no sooner made her appearance in the house, than Moliere sent two guards to turn her out, and, in order to add to her mortification, he told her, that since she had driven him from her house, he was happy to have it in his power to return the compliment, and to turn her out of a place in which he could exercise the same authority. The lady, whose avarice got the better of her shame, chose rather to withdraw than to pay for a seat. The consequence was a quarrel between Moliere and the husband, and in order to be revenged, the former wrote in the short space of five days, a comedy, which he called, *Love the best Doctor*. This piece, which was represented at Paris on the 22d of September, 1665, did not add much to the reputation of its author, who was so sensible of its defects, that when it was printed, he thought proper to apologize for it, by mentioning the time in which it had been composed. After this period, Moliere never spared the physicians, whenever he could find an opportunity of turning them into ridicule. He indeed, had little confidence in their skill, and seldom employed them; for it is said, that he was never blooded. We are told also, that the king having asked him one day, what his physician did, he replied, "Sire, he talks with me, and prescribes medicines, but I never take them, and I get better."

The king was so pleased with the frequent amusements which Moliere's company had given him, that in the month of August 1665, his Majesty thought proper to retain him entirely in his service, and to raise his pension to seven thousand livres. His performers then assumed the title of the King's Company, by which they were afterwards known, and they always performed on every festival wherever the king happened to be.

Though the completest success had attended our poet's exertions to secure the approbation of his sovereign and the applauses of the people, the criticisms of disappointed authors, who envied his glory, the cabals formed against him, by those who had been the objects of his satire, and domestic broils, perhaps more distressing than any thing else, contributed greatly to disturb his repose. His marriage had cooled the friendship which La Bejart had before entertained for him, and his wife, instead of endeavouring to promote his happiness, did every thing in her power to destroy it. The temper and disposition of these two women were so opposite to those of Moliere, that he never could depend upon passing a single moment happy in their company. The kindness which he shewed to a youth, named Baron, whom



he had added to his performers, greatly offended his wife; she even proceeded one day to such a length, as to give him a box on the ear, upon which he went to complain to Moliere, who endeavoured to console him for the affront he had received; but the youth was so much hurt at being struck by the hand of a female, that he requested permission from the king to retire, and without reflection entered immediately into the company in which he had been before, and which was under the management of a woman named la Raifin. This loss was sensibly felt by Moliere; Baron, however, soon after returned, and our poet bestowed the greatest attention, not only in breeding him up to a profession for which he seemed destined by nature, but also in forming his morals. That he profited by the precepts of his master will appear from the following anecdote, which does equal honour to both. A person of the name of Mignot, and who, as a comedian, had assumed that of Mondorge, being in great distress through poverty and want, resolved to wait on Moliere, and to solicit his assistance, in order to relieve his starving family. He first addressed himself to Baron, and having laid open his situation, told him, that he had been one of Moliere's associates in Languedoc, and that he did not doubt of obtaining something from him, provided he would interest himself in his behalf. Baron immediately hastened to Moliere's apartment, and informed him what Mondorge had said, but with timidity and caution, lest he should hurt his pride, as he was now rich, by recalling to his remembrance the idea of a poor friend. "It is true," said Moliere, "we have acted comedy together, and he is a very honest man, I am extremely sorry that his affairs are in such a bad situation. How much," added he, "do you think I ought to give him?" Baron refused to set bounds to his master's liberality. Moliere insisted he should mention the sum. At length, finding that there was no excuse, he said, four pistoles, which he thought would be sufficient to enable Mondorge to join his company. "Well," replied Moliere, "I shall give him four for myself, since you think it proper, but here are twenty more which I intend to give him for you; and I beg you will let him know that he is indebted to you for this obligation." Besides all this, he bestowed upon Mondorge a theatrical dress almost new, which had cost him two thousand five hundred livres.

To other things which gave Moliere uneasiness, may be added, the conduct of his comedians, who were continually importuning him to solicit for them some favor from the king. As

it was then customary for the Musqueteers, the Life Guards, the Gendarmes, and the Light Horse, to go to the play house without paying, the pit was continually crowded with them, so that the performers begged Moliere to obtain an order from the king, that no one should be admitted without money. This the king readily granted; but these gentlemen were so highly affronted by this prohibition, that they became very riotous, and resolved to make their way by force. They therefore, went to the playhouse in a body, and attacked the people who kept the doors. The porter defended himself for some time, but being at length forced to yield, he threw down his sword, imagining, that when he was disarmed, they would spare his life. In this, however, he was disappointed. These people, incensed at the resistance they had met with, stabbed him in several parts of the body, each as he entered giving him a wound. They then proceeded in search of the performers, that they might treat them in the same manner, but Bejart, who was dressed like an old man, for some character he was going to play, came forward on the stage, and addressed them in the following words: "Gentlemen, I hope you will spare a poor old man seventy-five years of age, who has only a few years to live." The presence of mind of this young comedian, who availed himself of his dress to speak to the rioters, calmed their fury. Moliere also mentioned to them the king's order, so that reflecting upon the fault they had committed, they retired without doing any farther mischief. The noise occasioned by this disturbance, threw the performers into the greatest consternation. The ladies thought themselves lost, and every one endeavored to seek safety by flight. One named Hubert, and his wife, made a hole in the wall of the Palais Royal. The husband attempted to get through first, but as the hole was too narrow, after getting in his head and shoulders, he stuck fast, and it was not without some difficulty that he could be rescued from his prison.

After the tumult was appeased, the company deliberated what course would be best for them to pursue in so dangerous a conjuncture. Hubert, who was not yet quite free from his terror, was of opinion, that the king's household should be admitted gratis, and others, equally as terrified as he, were of the same opinion; but Moliere, whose resolutions could not easily be shaken, told them, that, as the king had granted such an order, it was necessary to put it rigorously in execution, and I shall go immediately, added he, to inform him of it.

When the king was informed of this riot, he ordered the commanders of the troops who had been the cause of it, to make them appear next day under arms, that he might punish the guilty, and repeat his prohibition, which prevented them from being admitted to the play without paying. This was accordingly done, and Moliere, who was fond of haranguing in public, made a speech to the Gendarmes, in which he told them, that it was neither, on their account, nor on account of the rest of the king's household, that he had requested the order which gave them so much offence; that the performers would always be happy to receive them, whenever they chose to honor them with their presence: but that there were a great number of low people, who under pretence of belonging to their corps, almost continually filled the pit, and thus deprived the performers of their just due. He observed also, that he did not think that gentlemen, who had the honor of serving the king, would support such impostors in opposition to his Majesty's comedians; that to be admitted into the playhouse without money, was not a privilege, which people of their character ought to be so solicitous for as to shed blood, in order to obtain it, and that they should leave such a paltry advantage to poor authors, and to those, who not being able to expend fifteen sols, were admitted to the play through charity. This speech had all the effect which Moliere expected, and since that time the king's household have never been admitted to the theatre without money. (To be continued.)

#### ANECDOTES OF SANTA TERESA.

**S**PEAKING of Avila, Mr. Townsend says:

Of the convents, the most remarkable are those of the Carmelites, one for nuns, the other for friars; the latter built upon the spot where S. Teresa was born; the former where she took the veil. In this, the principal thing, at present, worthy to be noticed, is a picture, by Morales, representing a dead Christ, in his mother's arms; of which nothing need be said after having named the painter, because all his works have such peculiar softness and expression, that men have universally agreed in calling him divine. The Carmelites of Avila once possessed a treasure infinitely more valuable to them than all the pictures ever painted by Morales: this was the body of S. Teresa. It was originally interred at Alba, A. D. 1582, but three years afterwards it was secretly taken up, and conveyed to Avila, where it was not suffered long to rest: for the Duke of Alba finding all these expedients vain, made application to the Pope, and obtained an order for its return.



The life of S. Terefa is peculiarly interesting. Her frame was naturally delicate, her imagination lively, and her mind, incapable of being fixed by trivial objects, turned with avidity to those which religion offered, the moment they were presented to her view. But unfortunately meeting with the writings of S. Jerom, she became enamoured of the monastic life, and quitting the line for which nature designed her, she renounced the most endearing ties, and bound herself by the irrevocable vow. Deep melancholy then seized on her, and increased to such a degree, that for many days she lay both motionless and senseless, like one who is in a trance. Her tender frame, thus shaken, prepared her for extases and visions, such as might appear invidious to repeat, were they not related by herself, and by her greatest admirers. She tells us, that in the fervor of her devotion, she not only became insensible to every thing around her, but that her body was often lifted up from the earth, although she endeavoured to resist the motion; and Bishop Yepex relates in particular, that when she was going to receive the eucharist at Avila, she was raised in a rapture higher than the grate, through which, as is usual in nunneries, it was presented to her. She often heard the voice of God when she was recovered from a trance, but sometimes the devil, by imitation, endeavoured to deceive her; yet she was always able to detect the fraud. She frequently saw St. Peter and St. Paul standing on her left hand, whilst Our Lord presented himself before her eyes, in such a manner, that it was impossible for her to think it was the devil; yet, in obedience to the church, and by the advice of her confessor, she insulted the vision, as she had been used to do the evil spirits, by crossing herself, and making signs of scorn. Once, when she had in her hand the cross, which was at the end of her beads, Our Lord took it from her, and when he restored it, she saw it composed of four large gems, incomparably more precious than diamonds. She had his five wounds engraved upon them after a most curious manner; and he told her, that she should always see that same appearance: and so she did; for, from that time, she no longer saw the matter of which the cross was made, but only these precious stones, although no one saw them but herself. Whenever devils appeared to her in hideous forms, she soon made them keep their distance, by sprinkling the ground with holy water. She had often the happiness of seeing souls freed from purgatory, and carried up to heaven; but she never saw more than three, which escaped the purifying flame, and these were F. Peter, of Alcantra l. Ivagnez, and a Carmelite friar.



## ON EPIDEMIC DISEASES.

FROM ST. PIERRE.

AS to the epidemical maladies of the Human Race, and the diseases of animals, they are, in general, to be imputed to corrupted waters. Physicians, who have investigated their causes, ascribe them sometimes to the corruption of the air, sometimes to the mildew of plants, sometimes to fog: but all these causes are simply effects of the corruption of the waters, from which arise putrid exhalations that infect the air, and vegetables, and animals. This may be charged, in almost every instance, on the injudicious labours of Man. The most unwholesome regions of the Earth, as far as I am at present able to recollect are in Asia, on the banks of the Ganges, from which proceed, every year, putrid fevers, that, in 1771, cost Bengal the life of more than a million of men. They have for their focus the rice plantations, which are artificial morasses, formed along the Ganges, for the culture of that grain. After the crop is reaped, the roots and stalks left on the ground, rot, and are transformed into infectious puddles, from which pestilential vapours are exhaled. It is in the view of preventing these pernicious consequences, that the culture of this plant has been expressly prohibited in many parts of Europe, especially in Russia, round Otzchak, where it was formerly produced in great quantities.

In Africa, the air of the island of Madagascar is corrupted, and from the same cause, during six months of the year, and will ever present an invincible obstacle to any European settlement upon it. All the French colonies which have been planted there, perished one after another, from the putridity of the air; and I myself must, with the rest, have fallen a victim to it, had not Divine Providence, by means of which I could have no foresight, prevented my intended expedition, and residence in that part of the world.

It is from the ancient miry canals of Egypt, that the leprosy and the pestilence are perpetually issuing forth. In Europe, the ancient salt-marshes of Brouage, which the water of the sea no longer reaches, and in which the rain waters stagnate, because

they are confined by the dikes and ditches of the old salt-pits, are become constant sources of distemper among the cattle. Similar diseases, putrid and bilious fevers, and the land-scurvy, annually issue from the canals of Holland, which putrify in summer, to such a degree, that I have seen, in Amsterdam, the canals covered with dead fishes; and it was impossible to cross certain streets, without obstructing the passages of the mouth and nose with your handkerchief. They have, indeed, forced a kind of current to the stagnated waters by means of wind-mills, which pump them up, and throw them over the dikes, in places where the canals are lower than the level of the sea; but these machines are still too few in number.

The bad air of Rome, in summer, proceeds from its ancient aqueducts, the waters of which are diffused among the ruins, or which have inundated the plains, the levels whereof have been interrupted by the magnificent labours of the ancient Romans. The purple fever, the dysentery, the small-pox, so common all over our plains, after the heats of summer, or in warm and humid springs, proceed, for the most part, from the puddles of the peasantry, in which leaves and the refuse of plants putrify. Many of our city distempers issue from the laystalls which surround them, and from the cimiteries about our churches; and which penetrate into the sanctuary.

I do not believe there would have been a single unwholesome spot on the earth, if men had not put their hands to it. The malignity of the air of St. Domingo has been quoted, that of Martinico, of Porto-Bello, and of several districts of America, as a natural effect of climate. But these places have been inhabited by savages, who, from time immemorial, have busied themselves in diverting the course of rivers, and choking up rivulets. These labours constitute even an essential part of their defence. They imitate the beavers in the fortification of their villages, by inundating the adjacent country. Provident Nature, however, has placed those animals only in cold latitudes, where, in imitation of herself, they form lakes which soften the air; and she has introduced running waters into hot latitudes, because lakes would there speedily change, by evaporation, into putrid marshes. The lakes which she has scooped out in such latitudes, are all situated among mountains, at the sources of rivers, and in a cold atmosphere. I am the more induced to impute to the savages the corruption of the air, so murderous in some of the Antilles, that all the islands which have been

found uninhabited were exceedingly wholesome; such as the Isle of France, of Bourbon, of St. Helena, and others.

As the corruption of the air is a subject peculiarly interesting, I shall venture to suggest, by the way, some simple methods of remedying it. The first is, to remove the causes of it, by substituting, in place of the stagnant puddles with which our plains abound, the use of cisterns, the waters of which are so salubrious, when they are judiciously constructed. They are universally employed all over Asia. Care should, likewise, be taken to prevent the throwing the bodies, and other offal, of dead animals into the laystalls of our cities; they ought to be carried to the rivers, which will be thereby rendered more productive of fish. In the case of Cities which are not washed by rivers to carry off the garbage, or if this method is found otherwise inconvenient, attention should be paid, at least, to placing the laystalls only to the North and North-east of such cities, in order to escape, especially during Summer, the fetid gulls which pass over them from the South and South-west.

The second is, to abstain from digging canals. We are well acquainted with the maladies which have resulted from those of Egypt, in the vicinity of Rome, and elsewhere, when care is not taken to keep them in repair. Besides, the benefits derived from them are very problematical. To look at the medals which have been struck in our own country, on occasion of the canal of Briare, would we not be induced to think that the Strait of Gibraltar was henceforth to become superfluous to the navigation of France? Granting it to have been of some little utility to the interior commerce of the country, has the mischief done to the plains through which it passes been taken into the account as a counterbalance? So many brooks and springs diverted from their course, and collected from every quarter, to be gulped up in one great navigable canal, must have ceased to water a very considerable extent of land. And can that be considered as a great commercial benefit, which is injurious to agriculture? Canals are adapted only to marshy places.

This is the third method of contributing to the restoration of the salubrity of the air. The attempts made in France to dry the marshes, have always cost us a great many men, and frequently, for that very reason, have been left incomplete. I can discover no other cause for this but the precipitancy with which such works are undertaken, and the multiplicity of the objects which they are intended to embrace. The Engineer presents his plan, the Undertaker gives in his estimate, the Minister ap-

proves, the Prince finds the money, the Intendant of the province provides the labourers; all things concur to the effect proposed, except Nature. From the bosom of rotten earth arise putrid emanations, which presently scatter death among the workmen.

As a remedy to these inconveniencies, I beg leave to throw out some observations, which I believe to be well-founded. A piece of land entirely covered with water is never unwholesome. It becomes so, only when the water which covers it evaporates, and exposes to the air the muds of its bottom and sides. The putridity of a morass might be remedied as effectually by transforming it into a lake, as into solid ground. Its situation must determine which of these two objects is to be preferred. If it is in a bottom, without declivity, and without efflux, the indication of Nature ought to be followed up, and the whole covered with water. If there is not enough to form a complete inundation, it might be cut into deep ditches, and the stuff dug out thrown on the adjoining lands. Thus we should have, at once, canals always full of water, and little isles both fertile and wholesome. As to the season proper for such labours, the Spring and Autumn ought to be preferred; and great care must be taken to place the labourers with their faces to windward, and to supply, by means of machinery, the necessity, to which they are frequently subjected, of plunging into mires and muds, to clear them away,

It has always appeared to me strangely unaccountable, that in France, where there are such numerous and such judicious establishments, we should have ministers of superintendance for foreign affairs, for war, the marine, finance, commerce, manufactures, the clergy, public buildings, horsemanship, and so on, but never one for agriculture. It proceeds, I am afraid, from the contempt in which the peasantry are there held. All men, however, are sureties for each other; and, independently of the uniform stature and configuration of the Human Race, I would exact no other proof that all spring from one and the same origin. It is from the puddle, by the side of the poor man's hovel, which has been robbed of the little brook, whose stream sweetened it, that the epidemic plague shall issue forth to devour the lordly inhabitants of the neighbouring castle.

Egypt avenges herself, by the pestilence arising out of her canals, of the oppression of the Turks, who prevent her inhabitants from keeping them in repair. America, sinking under the accumulated strokes of Europeans, exhales from her bosom



a thousand maladies fatal to Europe, and drags down with her the haughty Spaniard expiring on her ruins. Thus the Centaur left, with Deinira, his robe empoisoned with the blood of the Hydra, as a present which should prove fatal to his conqueror. Thus the miseries which oppress Mankind, pass from huts to palaces, from the Line to the Poles, from Ages past to Ages yet to come; and their long and lingering effects are a fearful voice crying in the ears of the Potentates of the Earth; "Learn to be just, and not to oppress the miserable."

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AN ACCOUNT OF SUPERSTITIOUS CEREMONY  
PERFORMED BY THE SCHISMATIC GREEKS  
AT JERUSALEM.

BY THE ABBE MARLETTI.

THE sepulchre of Christ, which is open only on solemn days, is in the Church of the Resurrection. All pilgrims and devotees come hither to celebrate the holy mysteries, under the protection of the governor, who sends a party of soldiers to escort them: and they enter the church in procession, and with the sound of plaintive music. On this occasion, I think it would be difficult for any person, of whatever religion, not to be inspired with sentiments of reverence and awe, on the sight of this august temple.

Gloomy, and of an immense size, it is lighted principally by the lamps which are suspended from its roof. The pilasters are become black by length of years, and no ornaments are to be seen on its walls. The altars and statues of the saints are of coarse stone, and the chandeliers of wood. Every thing used here for religious service is in the simplest and plainest taste. In a word, this church is poor, but it is what a church ought to be. The Deity requires only from man purity of heart, and an ex-

emplary life. Why did Jesus Christ himself live in the bosom of indigence? Was it not to teach the world that religion is inseparable from poverty? I will venture to affirm, that it is an insult to Heaven to display too much luxury and magnificence in holy places. It is assimilating things sacred to things profane. It is authorizing in the mind of the opulent man that passion for riches, which makes him turn aside his eyes from misfortune. It is, above all, afflicting the heart of the poor, who cannot resolve to bless misery, before an altar shining with gold, silver, and jewels.

There is one superstitious practice, used by the schismatic Greeks, which is so singular, that it cannot fail of giving a momentary entertainment.

This sect deluded by their priests, sincerely believe that God annually performs a miracle in order to send them sacred fire. The manner in which they prepare to receive it is as follows: A great crowd assemble in the church of the Resurrection, together with people who sell provisions of every kind. A thousand different voices are then heard all at once; and the whole company beginning to run round the chapel of the Sepulchre, they press against each other in such a manner, that many of them are thrown down and trod under foot. There are some who but at each other like rams, and struggle with the greatest violence. A dozen collected together may be seen challenging each other to combat with their fists. Some traverse the church, riding on each other's shoulders; others are dragged along the pavement by the feet; several resting their bodies on their heads and hands, agitate their legs in the air, or turn round with the velocity of a wheel; while others, uniting together, form pyramids, which tumble down, and often occasion contusions and dangerous wounds to the actors of this strange farce. In the midst of this mad disorder, the arches of the church continually resound with the exclamation, *huia, huia*; which signifies, in the Arabic language, Here he is! here he is! it is he himself!

These extravagancies are continued for four hours, and are only a prelude to those which are to take place the next day.

It is customary for the governor of Jerusalem to be present at this singular scene. A sofa is prepared for him in the gallery set apart for spectators, where he admits together with his courtiers, all European travellers.

On this occasion, the other oriental Christians, who have separated from the Romish church, may be seen amidst the Greek

schismatics. In their hands they hold wax tapers, painted of different colours, in order to kindle them at the sacred fire which is about to descend.

A strict search is in the meantime made throughout every part of the church; and all the lamps are extinguished, to prevent the doubts and suspicions of unbelieving miscreants.

The Cophts, the Greeks, the Armenians, and the Syrians, walk in procession together, and with no less noise and tumult than is observed during the preceding ceremonies. When this is finished, the bishop of the Greeks, and the patriarch of the Armenians, enter the chapel of the Sepulchre, the doors of which they carefully shut, and place a guard of Turks at them, to keep the people at a distance.

The loud cries, combats, and all the other extravagancies, are then repeated to such a degree, that the janissaries are obliged to check the confusion with their sticks.

At length the two lateral doors of the chapel are opened together; and the sacred fire is seen shining in the hands of the two ministers, who present it to the people.

Their hearts are then transported with joy; they hasten to light their tapers; shew them to the spectators in the gallery, exclaiming, a miracle! a miracle! and each congratulates the other, on being once more thought worthy of divine favour. They embrace one another with great affection, shed tears of joy, and by every possible demonstration endeavour to express their gratitude towards Heaven. Some carry their folly so far as to burn their flesh by extinguishing a taper against their breast, to sanctify more efficaciously, as they say, their hearts, their minds, and their souls. A second procession is afterwards made, by way of returning thanks; and each returns to his home.

We find therefore that here, as well as elsewhere, the priests sport with the credulity of the people: but I have no occasion to explain their motive. It may be readily guessed that, if they were not well paid, they would not give themselves the trouble to perform a miracle.

## CHARACTERS OF THE TWO CATOS COMPARED.

BY THE MARQUIS D'ARGEN ON.

I HAVE read the lives of the two Catos with an intention of judging to which of them the expression, afterwards a proverb, He is as wise as Cato, was most applicable : and I think Cato of Utica, ought to be preferred to his grandfather. In order to form a better judgment, let us compare their actions, considering at the same time, their respective situations. The Censor was more austere, and lived at a time when it was less necessary to be so : consequently, his austerity might be suspected of proceeding from a particular turn of mind. He gained at first, some reputation as an orator ; but it was because he was very violent in his pleadings against the adverse parties : shewed an excessive zeal for virtue and the laws, and criticised severely, those who acted contrary to either. He was named Questor, in the army of Scipio Africanus ; and disapproved of the most trifling recompence, which that general wished to make to his soldiers. Scipio very justly observed, he thought himself more responsible for the success of the great enterprizes with which he was charged, than the oeconomy of the public treasure : Cato fell into a passion, and abandoned both the questorship and the army. When he was Praetor, he was a judge of the most perfect integrity ; but his severity was insupportable. Arrived at the honours of the consulship, he was sent into Spain, when he soon found himself surrounded with enemies, which he owed, perhaps, to the stubbornness of his character. Perceiving that it was necessary to relax from his severity, he took out from the public treasure two hundred talents, with which he corrupted part of the Spaniards, and opposing them to each other, conquered them all : razed the walls of their cities, and received in Rome triumphal honours. After having been ten years Consul, he solicited the censorship, which he obtained ; and never was that place filled with so much intrepidity and rigour as by Cato. He paid no respect to persons, senators, knights, or men of consular dignity : he drove from the senate those whom he found culpable, of whatever birth they were. He was exact, severe, incorruptible, inflexible, and resolute ;



he made himself dreaded by those who infringed the laws; but he did not render the execution of them easy: he took no pains to make them esteemed, and never thought of rewarding those who conformed to what they prescribed. He declared war against luxury, not by publishing any sumptuary law, but by taxing the citizens according to their expences; without paying the least attention to their real fortunes. At the end of his censorship a statue was erected to him, and he received the surname of Censor, which he bore the remainder of his life; and preserved the inclination of censuring and criticising his countrymen. He made it a duty, and perhaps a pleasure, to accuse them in open senate: this was repaid him—he was accused in his turn—and it happened, that he was more than once condemned to pay a fine. He was already advanced in age, when the Athenians came to Rome, and made it the fashion to study the literature and philosophy of Greece. Cato disapproved of this study—he opposed its progress—and cried loudly, that it was a species of mental luxury, which would ruin the republic. He went into Africa, and lived at Carthage, between the second and third punic wars. He saw that this old rival of Rome was full of flourishing youth; that the country was populous, rich, and commercial:—finally, that if Carthage was left too long in repose, it might again make Rome tremble, as it had done in the days of Hannibal. From that moment, he gave it in the senate as his opinion, that Carthage should be destroyed; and he was the cause of the third punic war, which was terminated by the entire destruction of that city. Cato died at the age of ninety, without having ever been ill, or had recourse to medicine.

Many things may be said against this austere censor of the vices and manners of his country: he took up for his model Curius Dentatus, a Roman in the beginning of the republic; who was then three times Consul, received twice triumphal honours, but returned always after his victories to the plough, and lived humbly in his farms. It was this Curius, who receiving from certain ambassadors, considerable offers of gold and silver, shewed them his kettle full of radishes and greens, saying, “Judge if a man who is contented with such a repast, has need of your riches.”

Cato affected to lead as frugal a life; but Curius by living in this manner, only imitated his countrymen and contemporaries, Cincinnatus, Fabricius, Curius, &c. instead of which, Cato made himself singular, and wished to be remarkable. We

have made some fragments of his writings; vanity, affectation of singularity, excessive oeconomy and even avarice, are manifested in them. He wrote upon a country life, and said, that nothing was so agreeable as augmenting our patrimony, and becoming rich; that slaves were the instruments of labour, of culture, of oeconomy and commerce; that they ought to be made use of to improve our fortune, and not to be considered but with this view. Plutarch, however indulgent he might be to those whose life he wrote, could not refrain from blaming this manner of thinking, which he looked upon to be inhuman and unjust.

It is remarked that Cato, who condemned so many vices during the course of his severe censorship, was favourable to those with which he was himself infected; such as usury, which it is asserted, he practised in the most oppressive manner. When he was reproached with it, he answered, that there was no law which forbade it expressly; it might be so at that time, but did it become Cato to attach himself strictly to the letter of the law, and not to distinguish that which was just and fitting, from what was not so? Cato the Censor, was, therefore, self-interested, avaricious, full of vanity, and perhaps, jealous of the great and powerful personages whom he persecuted openly. He was severe to his equals, and inhuman to his inferiors; finally, his virtue was austere and cruel; which, as Montaigne says, with reason, is a trite and foolish ornament for philosophy. What are called his Distichs, are full of good sense and reason; but they are certainly not by Cato the Censor: let us see if they do not better become his grandson.

Cato of Utica, lived in times less happy than those of his grandfather; and although the age in which he lived had no particular defect, he criticised it, much more by being virtuous, than by declaiming furiously against vices. His wisdom was neither cynical, jealous, nor haughty. He sought not riches, but made use of those he had, in being generous and liberal on proper occasions: equally incapable of a blind friendship, and an inveterate hatred: he loved above all things, justice and the republic. He was, when very young, under the tyranny of Sylla: and it is said of him, that he asked of every body he met, a sword to plunge into the bosom of that oppressor of his country. Forty years afterwards he killed himself, rather than be obedient to Caesar. He saw, especially in a republic, that dignities were not vain honours, but real charges; for the exercise of which, men were answerable to their country. He was at first Questor, as his grandfather had been, and he conducted

himself in that office like an honest man, without being more difficult than was necessary, preferring the good application of public money to rigid oeconomy. A virtue which never ceases for an instant, cannot fail of being known; for which reason, he enjoyed the reputation he merited; but the republic was not very anxious to employ him a second time; his way of thinking, far from being agreeable to his fellow citizens, inspired them with fear. He was himself little desirous of making a figure; but seeing the people ready to elect for tribune an unworthy citizen and fearing the evils which might be the consequence, he presented himself with confidence, and was created. In fact, he found himself in a situation to prevent, under the pretence of the conspiracy of Catiline, the recall of Pompey and his army to Rome, who was at war with Mithridates, and who had not yet conquered that fierce enemy of the Romans. If this proposition had succeeded, on the one hand, the great object of the Asiatic war would have been lost, for want of giving it the last succours; and on the other, Rome would have been overcome by Pompey, instead of being disturbed by Catiline. Cato deferred at least the ruin of his country, in preventing, for the moment, the return of Pompey with all his troops to Rome. He was near being assassinated on this occasion by those of the opposite party, which included almost all the Roman citizens, few of them foreseeing the consequences. The coolness and steady resolution of Cato, at length opened their eyes, and saved him from the hands of the other party. Pompey, informed of what had passed, returned to Rome, and found that Cato was a man whom it was absolutely necessary to manage: he sought his alliance, and asked his niece in marriage for his son; Cato refused him. I will not give, said he, an hostage to Pompey, against his country: when his party shall be the most just, it shall be mine. He kept his word, as long as Pompey. Cesar, and Crassus, were united, for the purpose of tyrannising over Rome; he was the enemy of them all. Pompey frequently got him reproached for it; he always replied, that in his actions he never consulted either friendship or personal enmity, and that he had not, nor ever should have, any thing in view but the welfare of the republic. All parties perceiving equally, that it was impossible to gain him over to them, they agreed to exclude him from the consulship; and this man, fitter than any other, to govern Rome, was never at the head of affairs. I do not know if this was a great evil to Rome; he would probably have retarded the ruin of the republic but for a very

little time. However this may be, the name of the second Cato, to the shame of the Consular Calendar, is not inscribed therein.

At length, the time which Cato the wise had foreseen, came to pass. The tyrants of Rome were reduced to two, Caesar and Pompey; the latter was conquered, and from that moment Cato took his part, or rather, as he says himself, he followed not Pompey, but attached himself to the remains of the republic. It was contrary to his advice that Pompey gave battle at Pharsalia. Cato could not wish for a combat which was at all events to give a master to Rome. However, the armies met, much against his will; Caesar conquered, and was from that moment the enemy of Cato. We know, the latter retired to Utica, and seeing this last place of Africa obliged to submit, he put himself to death, with a coolness and heroism which have made his act of suicide the model of all those past, present, and to come.

What is principally to be considered in the death of Cato, is to know if he did well in quitting life. A Christian cannot debate upon such a point; but Pagan authors have thought that Cato ought to have preserved himself for the republic. For my part, putting myself in their place, I think naturally, that Cato of Utica took a good resolution. The liberty of his country was the object of all his desires and affections; which may, by some, be deemed a foible, for every person has one. He saw the liberty of Rome destroyed; in living a longer time he would have seen that, which he looked upon as a public misfortune aggravated. Caesar would have pardoned him, but he would have been under an obligation to Caesar; and it is less painful to a man of spirit to finish his existence, than to kiss the hand of the tyrant who permits him to live.

It appears that Cato was a philosopher of the sect of the Stoics, whose principles have sometimes been carried to a ridiculous degree, but well understood, they are sublime and excellent. Those of the Epicureans, well conceived, tend likewise to make men wise and happy. Cato the Stoic, feared neither death nor pain—such were the dogmas of the sect; but he still less sought for, than feared them: therefore, he did nothing in his life which tended to give him useless pain, chagrin, or contradiction. When they happened to him, he supported them courageously. He never meddled with state affairs, but when he thought himself called upon to do so: and as soon as he saw that he could no longer be of use to his country, and that he



should be deprived of the enjoyments of a private life, because he had taken too great a part in public affairs, he put an end to his existence. If he was in some degree blameable in the effect, he was not so in the principle. The contrary happens in the greater number of suicides: men kill themselves for bad reasons, in general, or they take a wrong time to do it. This is a lesson for the English, and of which they stand in great need: they ought to be put in mind, that there was formerly a law in the republic of Marseilles, which permitted the citizens to drink the juice of hemlock; but not till after they had given sufficient reasons to the magistrates, and received their approbation of them; by means of these precautions it may be easily imagined, that nothing was so rare in Marseilles as a suicide.

One last reflection, which the lives of the two Catos offer to me is, that their philosophical manner of thinking, had given them both an unpardonable indifference for their families. Odd circumstances of this kind, which I will not repeat, are related of them: I will only observe, that these proceeded from different motives. Cato the Censor, given up entirely to avarice, vanity, and a ridiculous attachment to the laws, considered every thing in a civil order, and nothing in a natural or domestic one. His grandson was very differently affected; the welfare of the republic absorbed all his ideas:—however it may be, these two great men were inexcusable, in depriving themselves of the two greatest enjoyments of life, conjugal and paternal love.

The mistaken desire of imitating the virtues of Curius Dentatus, authorised the conduct of Cato the Censor. The example of Cato of Utica, appeared, to his nephew Brutus, a sufficient authority to assassinate Cesar in full senate: he committed this crime, or rather this cruel and useless vengeance, with as pure intentions as those of his uncle. He was, like him, the enemy of tyranny, without being that of the tyrant: the basis of his action was justice and a zeal to maintain the established laws of his country: but this principle was badly regulated and applied. Tyrants should be opposed in the beginning, and even punished, if it be possible; but there is but one method of treating confirmed and inevitable tyranny, which is that of soothing it skilfully.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE COW, SO FAR  
AS IT RELATES TO ITS GIVING MILK, PARTICULARLY FOR THE USE OF MAN.

BY C. WHITE, ESQ. F. R. S.

From the Memoirs of the Literary and Philosophical Society at  
Manchester.

NATURALISTS seem to lay it down as a general principle, that neither animals, nor parts of animals, are primarily intended for the use of man, but are only capable of a secondary application to his purposes. It must, however, be allowed that in many instances, the secondary use is so manifest and important, that it cannot, with propriety, be excluded from the original designs of the all wise Creator. And it appears to me, that the cow in its faculty, of giving in such abundance, and with so much ease, its milk, which forms so excellent an article of aliment for the human species, is a striking example of this subordination to the interests of mankind. For this animal differs in some parts of its organization from most others, having a larger and more capacious udder, and longer and thicker teats, than the largest animal we know; and she has four teats, whilst all other animals of the same nature, have but two. She also yields the milk freely to the hand, whilst most animals, at least those that do not ruminate in the same manner, refuse it, except their own young, or some adopted animal be allowed to partake.

This is a subject which, one would have thought, had long since been exhausted; but I have not been able to find any thing satisfactory in the few authors I have read. I must confess, indeed, that my knowledge in natural history is very confined, and should there ore wish to hear the sentiments of those learned members of this Society, who have made the history of nature their more particular study.

In the first place, the cow is of that class of horned ruminating animals, which have cloven hoofs, four stomachs, a confide-

nable length of intestines, and have no dentes incisores in the upper jaw. From the different structure of the stomach in these creatures, a ruminant animal will be served with one-third less food, than another of equal bulk. Graziers are sufficiently acquainted with this. The reason is, that ruminating animals have many and strong digestive organs; and every thing capable of being converted into chyle, is extracted from the food; which therefore yields a greater quantity of milk: but a horse's and an ass's stomach is not fitted for this; so that they require a much greater quantity of food to extract the same nourishment.

A cow's udder is so capacious, that it frequently contains ten quarts of milk, which it will yield twice a day; and it is not only remarkable for its quantity, but its quality, as some cows will afford twelve or fourteen pounds of butter in a week. The size and form of the teat appear, at the first sight, as if they were made on purpose for the hand to draw off the milk. But this is not the only advantage they possess: the thickness permits the lactiferous tubes to be of a larger diameter, and the length of them makes the syphon so much longer, and the extraction of the milk of course more easy.

The cow having four teats is a striking peculiarity, the number in all other animals, bearing some proportion to the number of young ones, they bring forth at a time, as in the bitch, the cat, the sow, &c. But the cow does not bring forth, at a birth, more young ones, than those animals who have but two teats.

The cow will yield her milk to the hand as freely, and will continue to give her milk for as long a time, without any calf coming near her, as if it were permitted to suck her constantly. This is not the case with the ass, which, next to the cow, is the animal we are most accustomed to have milked in this part of the world. For it is well known, that an ass will soon grow dry, if her foal is not permitted to suck part of the milk every day, but she is not a ruminating animal.

The human milk cannot long be preserved in the breasts, without the child be permitted to suck. It otherwise soon acquires a bad saltish taste, and, in a short time, leaves them entirely; and this will happen, if the child alone sucks, if it be not permitted to suck four or five times a day. Three times a day I find is, in general, not sufficient to keep the milk good, and in proper quantity. I do not mean to say that it is impossible, in any subject whatever, to keep the milk without a child sucking con-

stantly. I believe there have been instances of suction by persons, above the age of infancy, and even by puppies, keeping the milk for some time ; but these may, in some measure, be considered in the light of adopted children. What I would wish to enforce is, that the most dexterous and most skilful women, who draw breasts, do not keep the milk without the assistance of the child ; and when I have particularly desired them to do it, they have not been able, though they have swallowed the milk, and repeated the suction four or five times a day.

Capivaccius, it is said, saved the only heir of a noble family by ordering him to lie between two nurses, in the flower of their age, and suck their breasts.

Forestus tells us, that a youth at Bologna, of twenty-nine years of age, labouring under a true marasmus, lived upon the milk of a beautiful young nurse, of eighteen years of age, who lay in the same bed with him, by which means his emaciated body was well restored. In both these instances, I suppose the milk was preserved, without the child being permitted to suck. I am informed that goats, sheep, and rein deer will give milk freely to the hand, without the kid, lamb, and the fawn having access to them, but they are ruminating animals of the same kind with the cow.

Upon the whole, I believe we may infer, that the property of yielding milk, without the young ones, or some adopted animal, in some measure partaking of it, is confined to that class of ruminating horned animals who have cloven hoofs, four stomachs, long intestines, are furnished with suet, and have no fore teeth in the upper jaw. That cows, sheep, goats and deer are of this kind, and no others ; and that the cow has this property in a more eminent degree than the others, owing to the capacity of her udder, and the size, form and number of her teats. There are other ruminant animals, besides those I have mentioned, some of which are without horns or cloven feet, and without suet ; some have only two, some three stomachs, and some are furnished with fore teeth, in the upper jaw ; but I cannot learn that any of these are possessed of the property I have mentioned.

It may, perhaps, be said, that the Tartars ride mares, upon their excursions for plunder, in order to live upon the milk, and probably do not take their foals with them. But this will not disprove the doctrine I have advanced ; as the milk will hardly desert them in so short a time, as one of these excursions might last.



Is there not, therefore, some reason to conclude that the cow was, by the omniscient author of nature, intended to give milk, particularly for the use of man?

### WONDERFUL PROPERTY OF MAGNETS TO CURE THE TOOTH-ACH.

**I** OBSERVED some time since, that Mr. Von Aken, an apothecary at Orebo in Sweden, had made trials on thirty people for curing the tooth-ach with the artificial loadstone, 18 of these he perfectly cured by one single-application of the magnetical bar, holding it on the tooth for three minutes only; 9 wanted a second application of it before they were relieved: and 3 of them found only a momentary ease from their pains. On drawing the teeth of these three, a quantity of corrupt matter was found under them, which probably hindered the effect of the magnet.

The relation of so easy and simple a method of relieving people in a pain which is so extremely troublesome, struck me, and gave me pleasure. I tried it therefore on several subjects, and found it not to fail in one instance, though the pain had lasted a considerable time in some, and the teeth rotten; it is true, in one the pain was not removed till after it had, by repeated applications, brought on a plentiful salivation, which quite carried it off. The only direction I gave for the application of it, was to put the north pole to the tooth, and to hold the bar as much as could be in a perpendicular direction to it, for about three, four, or five minutes, taking care to keep it on the tooth some time after the pain was removed. This very easy method of getting relief I cannot but recommend to every one: and therefore, I have sent you this, though I know some will not try it, because it is so easy. These artificial magnets may be bought in the shops in London at seven-pence or eight-pence each, in a black paper case; they are generally six inches long, and have the inches marked on them.

## ON IMAGINARY IDEAS.

BY THE MARQUIS D'ARGENSON.

**T**HERE are chimeras which elevate the soul, and incline the mind to fortify itself with great and noble ideas; when a man believes himself destined to do great things, he is never guilty of a mean action; he conceives no low projects, or any of which he is ashamed. A young officer, who aspires to the command of an army, strives to improve himself in tactics; he studies the art of war, and if he does not become a general, he succeeds at least so far as to command a troop or a detachment. A young magistrate, who thinks he has sense and abilities enough to attain the height of his profession, applies himself seriously to gain information, and strives at the same time to render himself agreeable to protectors in power; if he arrives not entirely at the end he proposes, he reaps at least, a part of the fruit of his labour and hopes. The young clerk in a court of justice, who has seen a few celebrated advocates make great fortunes; the student in anatomy, who has seen the first surgeon to the King die and leave upwards of an hundred thousand pounds; the apprentice, who has seen the shop of his master so well accustomed, that there was annually sold therein, merchandise to the amount of forty thousand pounds; all these people are completely happy, if they have a hope, frequently chimerical, of doing the same thing. The desire of succeeding, the conviction even that we shall succeed, the enthusiasm of our profession, or calling, are powerful incentives; which stimulate us to great actions. We must not be disheartened; we must indulge hope, give an incessant application, and not cease to merit new recompenses, till we have obtained all that we can desire. There are none but fools, who after having made trifling efforts, and given some feeble proofs of their abilities, wait quietly by their fire-side for honour and the price of their services, and complain of the injuries they have suffered. Whoever has not the courage to suffer many evils, does not merit to be in the end recompensed by a brilliant success.

If we have not the noble emulation of rising above our equals, we must confine ourselves to peaceful and social virtues,

and use with discretion the fortune we have received from our fathers; if we be not willing to augment it, we should make ourselves loved in our families, esteemed in the neighbourhood, and enjoy the pleasures of a limited society.

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*On the great and extensive powers of sympathy over the human frame; extracted from Boerhaave's academical lectures on the diseases of the nerves, published by his disciple J. Van Eems, physician at Leyden.*

**W**HENEVER the common sensory is affected in a certain way, there is then a power of exciting in it some sensations, or passions of the mind, which govern the whole man; and these passions, scarce obedient to the most cogent reasons, bring the whole body to such a pass, that it become healthy or sick from the dominion of the passion: and in this manner we so far partake of the sympathy inherent to human nature, that, whether we will or no, we suffer in a great measure all that another suffers.

If one should suddenly see another whose eye-lids are inflamed with a scalding rheum, his eyes will be also hurt by the sight, and of this all are in some degree sensible. If a child should have a squinting nurse, or should play with another squinting child, this commerce of observation and conversation will cause him to squint likewise; and it is so that all the lads in a school will squint from a squinting master. When an orator designing to move his auditory, composes his face to pity, the same pitiful face may be observed in the whole assembly; if they endeavour to assume it, they could not, but now they do it by sympathy. When one is seen performing strange gesticulations and motions all the spectators, as well grave men as women, mimic the same face, and they do it exactly without any teacher. This appears as much in hearing as in seeing. If a man, ignorant of all musical modulations, should for the first time hear a tune, and be

desired to imitate it, he will do it perhaps with great exactness.

This thing, as very common, is neglected, but there is something here in nature that we are ignorant of; if an organ plays, all will accompany the same sounds. Kircher relates, that on his travels, coming to a place on the confines of Spain or Italy, and hearing one sing, accompanied by a chorus of others in the most harmonious strains, he expressed his astonishment, how an unpolished people should have so good an ear for music, and was told that they were all so taught by nature; and that, without their ever dreaming that they sung to that perfection, no jarring or discordant sounds were ever heard in their concerts.

I have heard a man who could sing extremely well, but who was merely a voice and nothing more; if he stood behind the door and sung, no one could help being enchanted at the sweetness of his voice. Once, in a concert, taking up a violin, he made out the whole air by heart, drawing the bow upon the strings, and yet quite ignorant of what each string would produce. Another, a musician, offered to teach him, but he could not understand one rule, yet, hearing the melody, he imitated it of his own accord. I asked him how he could do so; and he answered, I don't know, but you see I do it.

We may hence see, that the foundation of arts, discipline, and the knowledge of the brightest things, is placed in the structure of the body. A man hearing the singing of a song, whether he will or no, sings with himself, and is led into the same strain or melody; and herewith also is mingled that source of pleasure or displeasure on being affected with grating or agreeable sounds. The same may be said of our sensations by the taste, smell, and the like. A variety of tongues, tasting the same lump of sugar, are affected with similar sensations; and, as there are different manners in music that please different persons, so the same will take place in smelling, tasting, and the like. Now, if it be asked, why those sounds move the body at rest, nothing else can be answered, than that we find this law of the Creator never to fail, but that it is beyond our abilities to explain it.

I knew a man, of whom it might be truly said, that he was just, and so firm in his resolves, as not to be dismayed by the approach of an enemy, or the fickleness of a mob. Being invited to see the opera of Agamemnon, whose only daughter was to be sacrificed, he was so affected on seeing the man enter who was to personate that king, with a particular face and gesture, that he confessed to me, that, before he had even spoke a word,



a chilling tremor had pervaded his bones ; but, when he began to speak, then our great philosopher wept downright, though he came thither to laugh at the folly and buffoonery of others. Here was a fictitious representation ; the mind was composed to gravity, and yet such a man was moved.

This sense in human nature is so powerful, that it often disconcerts and overthrows the most obstinate designs and resolutions. We are told of Theodosius the Great, that, by his levying too great a tribute, so great a tumult was raised at Antioch, that they demolished his statues, and even killed his ambassadors. At last, reflecting on what they had done, and with whom they had to deal, they sent ambassadors to the emperor, to deprecate the destruction threatened them, who made them no answer. The chief minister, therefore, pitying their case, bethought himself of giving a mournful piece to be sung by the youths, who were wont to entertain the emperor at dinner with music. This mournful composition was scarce begun, when the emperor, who little expected it, already bedewed the cup he drank out of with his tears, not knowing as yet the reason of his shedding them ; but, when the youths came to bewail the distress of the people of Antioch, the emperor could no longer contain himself, and was so moved by the lamentation, that, though it was not customary with him to forgive, he left them unpunished.

We may now see how great a diversity there is in mankind : for, if such emotions happen in those who make slight of all things, what will their effects be in others, who laugh immediately with those that laugh, and weep with those that weep ? What will become of tender virgins and women, who, in respect to the nervous system, are but as mere machines ? Hence appear all the diseases that arise from the disturbance of the sentient principle, when notwithstanding the whole disease is believed to be corporeal ; and hence are excited motions in our body, which would have no existence in nature, if there was no such faculty in the sensory, and yet those motions are greater than any that are known. Behold thousands of men in battle-array, thousands of warlike engines and implements ! all these, which but the moment before were quiet, are set in motion at one word of command : every thing is in a kind of uproar : and the physical cause of all this change is a single thought of the general, ' Charge ! ' If any one should begin to yawn, as if expressing sloth, others will yawn along with him ; here is a sympathy of many muscles, of which none are at rest ; there is not a drop of blood, or nervous fluid, but receives

another motion, and the cause is no other than seeing one yawning. Should a person sit grave at a table, a jester will force him to laugh; whilst one laughs, all the rest will laugh. If any one violently coughs, all, by some straining, will strive to help their friend. There is therefore a faculty in man experimentally known, but its cause inexplicable, whereby one man adjusts himself to another. This we call sympathy, of which we have one of the most remarkable instances known, recorded in the Philosophical Transactions.

This remarkable sympathy appeared in a man, who was low of stature and thin, yet performed all his functions well; but he was addicted from his infancy to so great a degree of sympathy, that he would immediately imitate all motions made by others, and that without any inclination, and even against his inclination; insomuch that, when he walked the streets, he was obliged to look on the ground, to sit in company with his eyes shut, or to turn his face from his companions. If he saw a man shaking his head, that moment he would shake his own head; if he saw him laugh or smile, he would laugh or smile with him; if any one uncovered his head, he would do the same; if one danced, he would get up and dance along with him: in short, whatever he saw, he would mimic it immediately in spite of his companions who laid fast hold of him, and tied his arms, and if he then saw any one gesticulating and playing antics, he struggled hard to get loose, and felt within him the strongest motions, which he was not able to conquer. If asked what he was doing, he said he knew not, but was so accustomed from his youth, and begged to be left alone, because his head ached from such motions, and he was greatly disturbed in mind, and withal as much fatigued, as if he had done them of his own accord. We may now see how man is made; what powers he has, how he chimes in and suffers with others, and is drawn about to every thing, without his knowledge or will, nay, even contrary to his will.

Hence appears the remarkable mutability of man in regard to sympathy; for we have also our strings that want touching, and it may be truly said, that the most consistent man is subject to all sorts of mutability, if his string be touched. If the same string which is struck in a madman, should be struck in another, both would be equally mad. If through pride we endeavour to conceal our faults, we are a

least obliged to confess, that in some there is such an excess of sympathy, as gives occasion to the greatest diseases, when the action of no corporeal cause is present.

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TO THE  
EDITORS OF THE A. UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

**I**F the following debate of the "FEMALE SOCIETY FOR THE ESTABLISHMENT AND IMPROVEMENT OF FASHIONABLE DRESSES" meet your approbation, you will oblige *many of its members* by publishing it: if it should not you will ME by returning the paper on which it is written, as it is the pattern of a gown *without sleeves*, which it is intended shall be worn at their anniversary ball on the 2d of February. There can be no doubt of the authenticity of the debate as it was taken down in short hand.

I am, &c.

MONDAY, December, 1797.

At half past six in the evening, the Presidentess took the chair. Tea and Cakes being handed round, the society proceeded to business.

PRESIDENTESS,

Mrs. Secretary is there any unfinished business on the table.

Mrs. Sec.

No.

PRESIDENTESS,

Has any lady present any motion to make?

MISS A.

MRS. PRESIDENTESS,

In rising to address you before so gay a circle I feel myself much embarrassed; but however painful it is to me, yet as my duty demands it I shall not hesitate. The subject of the motion I now hold in my hand you are well acquainted with, you are all able to speak from your own feelings on it, I mean, the inconvenience of wearing short sleeves in cold weather, I would therefore beg leave, madam, to move the following resolution.

Resolved,

That as the ensuing winter is likely to prove a very cold one, long sleeves be substituted in the place of the short ones heretofore worn by the "*female society for the establishment and improvement of fashionable dresses*," until further orders from the said society.—

I need not, I believe, madam, say any thing in defence of this resolution, as I am sure it must carry conviction on the very face of it—

MRS. B.

I rise, madam, with a mixture of astonishment, indignation, and horror, which words are too feeble to express. Astonishment at seeing this polite society sit, and hear without murmurs of disgust, so detestable a resolution; but astonishment ceases, for I perceive you were struck dumb with surprise—Indignation at the member who brought forward this execrable resolution; but my indignation ceases, for I recollect that she knows nothing of life.—Horror, at the thoughts of the resolution being adopted by you; but my horror ceases, for I perceive by your contemptuous sneers that there is no probability of this abominable resolution ever, I mean while the cold weather lasts, receiving your assent. I shall therefore calmly sit down. (*Loud titterings of applause.*)

MISS A.

I again rise, madam, to trouble you with a few observations in defence.—

(*Here loud murmurings. The Presidentess calls to order, but in vain. Miss A. unable to make herself heard is obliged to sit down.*)

All the members then rose and spoke together. The Presidentess called to order, but being unable to make herself heard, she was obliged to put on her cloak and tippet—Silence now prevailed for at least 3-4 of a second. Miss C. then rose.



Miss C.

Madam, after so many members, for whose opinions I entertain the highest respect, have expressed their sentiments on this important question, I feel as if in offering you mine I was about to commit a crime against my own reputation. But, madam, as chance has thrown in my way a number of new ideas on this subject I cannot resist the temptation of giving them to you. This morning as I was passing through the room in which my brother (I am sorry to say a fellow of no *life*, who is always poring over musty books) usually studies as he calls it, I found a book upon the table, the title of which was "A collection of Memoirs from the Transactions of several societies;" and as I have often derived much pleasure from perusing the memoirs of different people I carried it off to my chamber. And for fear it should be an *improper* work for young ladies to read I—locked the door. Down then I sat with the utmost eagerness to read it; when to my utter astonishment I found it all about Oxigene, Hydrogene, Nitrogene, and a thousand other such barbarous words, which I never in all the books I had read before met with—At first I was tempted to shut the book; but upon recollecting the many new ways they have lately found out of writing novels, I supposed that this was only a different way of beginning memoirs from any I had read. I therefore laughed immoderately at the wit of every sentence I could not understand: indeed I do not think I ever laughed so much since I was born; and every page I turned over I looked with eagerness for the hero of the story to be introduced—But ALAS!!! no hero appeared—Once indeed I thought myself introduced to him, when the author mentioned "*The Acetate of Antimony*." I had read the memoirs of the Baron of this place, the Duke of that place, the Knight of th'other place, &c. &c. &c. But I had never read the memoirs of the *Acetate* of any place—I was for some time at a loss what rank an *Acetate* was, whether it was a Baron or a Beggar, a King or a Cobbler—At length from the writer saying it was very *powerful* I supposed it was the PRINCE OF ANTIMONY—I now expected high entertainment from the memoirs of so great a personage, when to my astonishment I found the *Acetate of Antimony* was not a *powerful prince* but a *powerful*—EMETIC!!! Judge of the indignation I felt at the thoughts of having thus lost 4 or 5 hours in reading such stupid *trash*. Precious hours! in which, in company with Mrs. Radcliff, I might have wandered over half a

dozen mouldering castles in search of—not ghosts; but things very much like them. But, madam, lest I should tire your patience I will speak directly to the point in question—in the course of my reading I found out, that is, when the author told me, that what makes us warm is that our blood imbibes pure air which he calls oxigene—and that this oxigene makes our blood red; and the more of this is imbibed the warmer we are and the redder our blood.—

As soon as I read this, I began to consider how very convenient and philosophical it is to have our elbows bare in winter—For thought I, if we were to cover them how could this oxigene get at them—And if it could not get at them, how could the blood there suck it up—and if it could not suck it up, how could our elbows keep themselves warm—And that they do suck it up is evident—for as the author wisely observes the red colour of the blood is entirely owing to its imbibing this pure air. Now if you observe the colour of your elbows after being in this pure air of a winter day (when he says it most abounds) you will find them as red as raw beef. Is it not evident therefore, that they suck it up, and must it not therefore follow of consequence that instead of naked elbows being cold they are warm?

*(All the members here cried out yes! yes! yes!)*

I would therefore beg leave to move the following resolutions;

1. Resolved—That as the cause of heat in the animal body is the blood imbibing oxigene, and as the more surface is exposed to it the more will be imbibed; the elbows of ladies shall not be covered during the ensuing winter, as it is likely to prove a cold one; lest ladies of a tender constitution should be liable to take cold (the great cause of consumptions among the female sex) by being thus deprived of that great source of animal heat a naked elbow.

2. Resolved—That in case the weather should become too intensely cold to be born otherwise, the ladies of this society shall pull off their shoes and stocking, and go barefoot, as thereby they will open a new source for the reception of heat.

3. Resolved—That in the ensuing summer sleeves reaching six inches at least beyond the ends of the fingers be worn by the ladies of this society, to prevent the oxigene from uniting with their blood as thereby they may remain cool during the warmest weather.

4. Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to "THE SOCIETY OF BEAUX," accompanied by such an ex-

planation as will reduce them, *if possible*, to their comprehension.

The question being taken on all these resolutions together, they were carried.

The following resolution was then passed by the society.

Resolved—That the thanks of this society be returned to Miss C. for the information she has so eloquently given the society on the subject of short sleeves and that a medal be presented to her, bearing on one side, a lady with her arms and feet bare walking unconcernedly on the ice amidst a snow storm, and on the reverse the following inscription—from Sherlock.

“Whilst a man walks step by step up stairs a woman flies from the bottom to the top!!!”

On motion, the society adjourned, and the Presidentess having left the chair, Cards and Scandal resumed their reign.

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## SELICO; AN AFRICAN TALE;

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. FLORIAN.

**I**F, as the Persians assert, we might believe that the universe is in subjection to two principles, of which one does the little good which is conspicuous, and the other the evil every where so abundant, we should be inclined to believe that Africa is the place where the evil principle, in a particular manner, exercises his power. No portion of the globe produces such variety of poisons, so many wild beasts and venomous reptiles. The little which we know of the history of Morocco, of the negroes of Adra, of Jaggas, the native inhabitants of the coasts, as far as the country of the Hottentots, bears remarkable resemblance to the natural history of lions, panthers, and serpents, which are so worthy of partaking this parching region with the cannibal princes which sell and eat the flesh of their prisoners. In the midst of these disgusting and horrible scenes, where some sell their children, and others eat their captives, we sometimes may

discover traces of natural justice, of genuine virtue, of constancy in suffering, and a generous contempt of death. These examples rare as they may be, are sufficient to interest us in this degraded part of the human species, to make us remember that they still are men: just as in a barren desert, a few solitary blades of verdure, which the traveller is from time to time delighted to discover, suffice to convince him that he still treads upon the earth.

In the kingdom of Juida, situated on the coast of Guinea, beyond the Cape of three points, and not far from Sabi, its capital, there lived, in the year 1727, a poor widow, named Darina; she was the mother of three sons, whom she had brought up with a tenderness fortunately common in human nature, but very uncommon in the climate where children are considered as an article of trade, and sold for slaves by their unfeeling parents. The eldest of these was called Guberi; the second Teloa, and the youngest Selico. All of these were amiable and sensible: they adored their good mother, who, now grown old and infirm, lived only by their industry. The wealth of this family only consisted of a hut, in which they lived together, with a little field contiguous, the maize of which was their support. Every morning, taking it by turns, one of the three brothers went to the chase, another worked in the field, the third remained at home with their mother: in the evening they met; the huntsman produced his partridges, parrot, or perhaps a little honey; the husbandman brought fuel, while he who stayed at home provided their common meat. They supped affectionately together, contending who should be most attentive to their mother; they received her blessing, and reclined upon straw, by the side of each other, they went to sleep, expecting the morrow.

Selico, the youngest of the brethren, went often to the town to carry the first fruits of the harvest, the offering of this poor family, to the temple of the great divinity of their country. This god, it is well known, is a huge serpent of that species which are not venomous, and do no injury; on the contrary, they destroy those serpents which are venomous: they are so venerated at Juida, that it is considered as a horrible crime to put one to death. Thus the number of these sacred serpents has multiplied without end: in the midst of their towns and villages, and even within houses, one meets, at every step, these deities, who come familiarly to feed at the tables of their worshippers; sleeping near their fires, and producing their young upon their



beds: which last is considered by them as the happiest of omens.

Of all the negroes of Juida, Selico was the blackest, the best made, and the most amiable. In the temple of their great deity he had seen the young Berissa, daughter to the chief priests who, by her figure, her beauty, and her grace, was far superior to all her companions. Selico conceived a passion for her, and was beloved in return. Every Friday, the day sacred among the negroes to repose and religion, the young lover appeared at the temple, passed the day in the society of his dear Berissa, told her of his mother, his tender passion, and of the happiness they should enjoy when united in marriage. Berissa did not appear to conceal that she equally desired this moment to arrive; and the venerable Farulho, her father, who approved of the connection, promised, with embraces, soon to reward their tenderness.

At length this period, so anxiously expected, drew nigh. The day was fixed; the mother of Selico, and the two brothers had made ready the hut for the young couple, when the famous Truro Audati, king of Dahomi, whose rapid victories have been celebrated even in Europe, invading the kingdom of Ardra, exterminating the inhabitants, and advancing at the head of his formidable army, was checked only by the great river which bounded the realms of the sovereign of Juida. This last, a weak and timid prince, governed by his women and his ministers, did not think even of collecting a few troops to oppose the conqueror. He believed that the deities of the country knew well enough how to defend the entrance, and carried to the banks of the river all the sacred serpents that could be got together. The prince of Dahomai, surprised and indignant at having only reptiles to combat, threw himself into the stream with his troops, and gained the opposite bank; and very soon these gods, from whom miracles were expected, were cut to pieces, roasted on the fire, and devoured by the conquerors. Then the king of Juida, thinking that nothing else could save him, abandoned his capital, and hastened to conceal himself in a remote island. The warriors of Audati spread themselves every where, carrying with them fire and sword. They burned the crops, towns, and villages, and massacred without mercy all that they could find.

Terror dispersed the few inhabitants who escaped the carnage. The three brothers, on the approach of the conquerors, had taken their mother on their shoulders and hastened to conceal them-

selves in the woods. Selico would not leave Darina while she was exposed to the smallest danger; but the moment he saw her in safety, trembling for the fate of Berissa, he flew to Sabia, to save or perish with her. Sabi was taken by the Dahomians. The streets flowed with blood! the houses were plundered and destroyed: the palace of the king, and the temple of the serpent, were nothing but smoking ruins, covered with dead bodies, whose heads, according to custom, the barbarians had carried away. The wretched Selico, in despair, and wishing for death, ventured many times among the soldiers intoxicated with brandy and blood! Every where did Selico rush among the horrid scenes, seeking Berissa and Farulho, pronouncing their names sorrowfully aloud, and unable to recognize their bodies among so many mutilated trunks.

After dedicating five days to this terrible search, doubting not but that Berissa and her father had become the victims of the ferocious Dahomians, Selico determined to return to his mother. He found her in the wood where he had left her with his brothers. The fixed sorrow of Selico, his manner, and his wild looks, terrified this unhappy family! Darina lamented his misfortune, and tried various consolations; to all of which her son was insensible. He refused all nourishment, and seemed determined to expire by famine. Guberi and Teloa did not attempt to dissuade him by argument and reason, but they pointed to their venerable parent, who had neither house nor bread, nor any thing left but her children. They demanded of him whether at that sight he had not the courage to live?

Selico promised that he would, and forced himself to think of nothing but of dividing with his two brothers the tender attention which they paid their parent. They plunged into the woods, went still farther from Sabi, built themselves a hut in a remote valley, and thought of supplying by the chase, the maize and the vegetables which they were without.

Deprived of their bows and arrows, and of all their other necessaries, which they had no time to carry away, they soon began to feel the extreme of misery. Fruits were in these forests rarely to be found, where the prodigious number of apes were always prepared to dispute them with the three brothers. The earth produced nothing but grass. They had no instrument to turn, nor grain to plant it. The rainy season came on, and the horrors of famine attacked them. The poor mother, still in misery, reclining upon a bed of dry leaves, was ready to expire, but without a complaint. Her sons, exhausted by hun-

ger, could no longer penetrate the woods, which were deluged every where: they laid traps for the little birds which came near their hut, and when they took one, which rarely happened, for they had no longer any bait; they carried it to their parent, and presenting it to her, forced from her a smile; but she would not eat it unless divided with her children. Three months passed without any promise of change in their miserable situation. Compelled at length to take some step, they held a consultation at the desire of Darina. Guberi proposed first, that they should penetrate as far as the coast, and sell one of their number to the first European they might meet; and to purchase with the money bread, maize, and instruments of agriculture, with which they might support their mother. The brothers replied to this, but with a melancholy silence.—‘To separate from each other for ever! to become the slaves of white men!’ the idea almost drove them to distraction. ‘Which shall be sold?’ cried Teloa, in a tone of grief. ‘Lots must decide it,’ replied Guberi. ‘Let us place three stones of different sizes in this clay vessel, shape them together, and he who draws the least, must be the unhappy person.’—No, ‘my brother’ interrupted Selico, ‘the lot is already drawn. I am the most miserable of all; you forget that I have lost Berissa, and that you alone prevented me from dying, by saying I might be useful to my mother. Confirm what you have said—this is the time—sell me!’

Guberi and Teloa attempted in vain to oppose the generous purpose of their brother; Selico resisted their expostulation, refused to draw his lot, and threatened to go by himself if they would not accompany him: at length the two eldest gave way. It was agreed that Guberi should continue with his mother, and that Teloa should conduct Selico to the Dutch fort, where he should receive the price of his brother's liberty, and that he should immediately return with the provisions which they wanted. When this was determined, Selico alone forebore to weep; but he found it difficult indeed to restrain them when he was to leave his mother, bid her an eternal adieu, embrace her for the last time, and, what is more, deceive her by promising soon to return with Teloa, saying that they were only about to visit their former habitation, and to see if they could again take possession of it. The good old woman believed them, yet she could hardly tear herself from her son's arms: she trembled at the dangers they were about to encounter: and, by an involuntary motion, ran after Selico the moment she lost sight of his person.

The two brothers, of whom it could not be said which was the most unhappy, in a short time arrived at Sabi. Murder had then ceased, peace began again to smile, the king of Dahomai, undisturbed possessor of the territory of Juida, wished to encourage a commerce with the Europeans, whom he invited to his city. Many English and French merchants were received at the monarch's court, who sold them his numerous prisoners, and divided among his troops the lands of the vanquished. Teloa soon found a merchant who offered him an hundred crowns for his younger brother. As he hesitated, trembled in all his limbs, and disputed about this horrible bargain, a trumpet was heard, and a public cryer announced with a loud voice, that the king of Dahomai promised four hundred ounces of gold to whomsoever would bring him alive a young negro, who the night before had dared to profane the seraglio of the monarch, and had escaped toward the east, from the pursuit of the guards. Selico heard the proclamation, made a sign to Teloa not to conclude his bargain with the merchant; and, taking his brother aside, spoke to him thus in a firm tone, 'You are come to sell me, and I wished that you should, in order to support my mother; but the small sum which this white offers you cannot prove of material importance; ~~four~~ hundred ounces of gold will secure certain wealth for ever to you and to Darina. You must get this, my brother; bind me this moment, and carry me to the king, as the guilty person whom he wants. Be not alarmed, I know as well as you do what punishment I have to expect. I have calculated how long it will endure: it will not exceed an hour, and when my mother brought me forth she suffered more.'

Teloa trembling could make no reply; penetrated with tenderness and affection, he fell at the feet of Selico, embraced his knees, conjured him in the name of his mother, of Berissa, by all he held dear, to renounce his terrible purpose. 'Of whom do you speak,' said Selico, with a severe smile. 'I have lost Berissa, and I wish to meet her again. I save my mother's life by my death, I make my brothers rich for ever, and I escape a slavery which might be protracted for forty years. My choice is made, press me no farther, or I go and surrender myself: you will then lose all advantage by my death, and you will occasion misery to her to whom we owe our lives.'

Awed by the manner and the accent in which Selico pronounced these last words, Teloa ventured not to reply: he obeyed his brother, went and got cords, bound his hands behind him,



bathing the knots with his tears, and making him walk before him, proceeded to the king's palace.

Stopped by the guards he demanded an audience of the king; he was announced and introduced. The king of Dahomai, covered with gold and precious stones, was reclining on a scarlet sofa, his head resting on the bosom of his favourites, who were dressed in rich brocaded silks, but were naked from the waist upward. His ministers and officers, superbly dressed, were prostrate twenty feet from him. The most valiant were distinguished by a collar of human teeth, each of which testified a victory. Many females with musquets on their shoulders guarded the door of the apartment. Large golden vases containing palm wine, brandy, and strong liquors were placed at some distance from the king, and the hall was paved with the skulls of his enemies. 'Sovereign of the world!' cried Teloa, prostrating himself on the ground, 'I come in compliance with your sacred orders to deliver into your hands——' He could not finish, and his voice died away upon his lips. The king interrogated him, but he could make no reply. At length Selico began:

'King of Dahomai, said he, 'you see before you the wretch who, induced by a guilty passion last night, penetrated the recesses of your seraglio. He who brings me here in chains was a long time my friend, and I did not fear to trust him with my secret. Zeal for your service has prevailed with him to violate his friendship. He surprised me in my sleep, has loaded me with chains, and comes to demand the reward; give it him, for the miserable man has deserved it.'

The king without vouchsafing any answer, made a sign to one of his officers, who viewing the prisoner, gave him into the custody of the female guards, and paid Teloa the four hundred ounces of gold. This last, taking the gold, the touch of which agonized his soul, went and purchased provisions; and, precipitately leaving the town, made haste to his mother.

Already by order of the prince, they were making ready the horrible punishment to which they are doomed who commit adultery with the wives of the sovereign. Two large trenches are sunk at a small distance from each other. In that which is intended for the guilty female, they fix the unfortunate culprit to a stake, and all the women of the seraglio clothed in their most sumptuous dresses, carrying in their hands large vessels of boiling water, advance to the sound of tabors and flutes, to pour this water upon her head till she expires. The other trench contains

a pile of wood, upon which they place a cross bar of iron, which is supported by two raised stakes. To this bar the criminal is secured, fire is set to the pile, and the wretched creatures perish after protracted torments, being only reached by the extremities of the flame.

The place was filled with people: the troops under arms formed a square, bearing their spears and muskets; the priests, in their dresses of ceremony, waited for the two victims to lay their hands upon them and devote them to death. They appeared from different corners, guarded by the armed females. Selico, calm and resigned, advanced with his head raised up. When he came toward the stake he could not avoid lifting his eyes toward the companion of his misery. What was his astonishment and grief on beholding Berissa! He uttered a loud cry, and would have darted to her, but was withheld by the executioners. Soon his first emotion gave way to indignation. "Wretch! that I am," he cried, "while I courted death, hoping again to meet her, she was among these vile females who contend for a tyrant's affections. Not content with her perfidiousness in love, she was also faithless to her master; she deserved the title of adulteress, and the punishment of her crime. Oh, my mother! for thee alone I die—it is on thee alone that I can bear to think!"

At this instant the wretched Berissa recognizing Selico, uttered a loud scream; she called the priests, and declared to them aloud, that the young man they were about to kill was not he who had penetrated the seraglio. She swore this by the heavens, the mountains, the thunder, and the most august of the sacred serpents. The priests intimidated, ordered the execution to be suspended, and ran to inform the king, who was himself present. Indignation and fury disturbed the countenance of the monarch when he approached Berissa. "Slave!" said he, in a terrible voice—"thou, who contemnest the love of thy master, thou whom I would have raised to the rank of my first sultana, and, who, in spite of your refusal, I have suffered to live, what is your purpose in pretending to deny the guilt of your accomplice? Dost thou wish to save him? If this be not thy lover, name who he is—deliver the guilty to my justice, and I will release the innocent!"

"King of Dahomai," replied Berissa, who was already secured to the fatal stake, "I cannot accept thy heart, I possess not my own; I did not fear to tell you so. Do you think, that she who would not live to share a crown, would speak a falsehood at the

moment of death? No, I confess all, and repeat my refusal. A man did last night enter my apartment, he did not leave it till the morning;—but this was not the man! You ask me to name him; I ought not, I will not; I am ready to die; I know that nothing can save me, and I only protract the fatal moment to prevent you from perpetrating a crime. I again swear to you, king of Dahomai, that the blood of this innocent person will fall upon your head: release him, and punish me! I have no more to say.'

The king was struck with Berissa's words, as well as with her manner of pronouncing them. He gave no orders, but declining his head, was astonished at the reluctance which he this moment felt to shed blood. But remembering that this negro had accused himself, and attributed to love, the interest which Berissa discovered for him, all his rage was rekindled. He made a sign to the executioners; the pile was lighted, the women advanced with their vessels of boiling water, when an old man out of breath, covered with wounds and dust, burst through the crowd, and suddenly threw himself at the feet of the king.

'Stop!' said he, 'I implore you to stop: I alone am the guilty person; it is I who have burst through the walls of your seraglio, attempting the delivery of my daughter. I was once the high priest of the deity who was here adored. They tore my child from my arms, and conducted her to this palace. Since that time, I have eagerly sought an opportunity to see her again. This last night I penetrated to her apartment—in vain did she attempt to follow me, for your guards discovered us. I escaped alone, notwithstanding the arrows with which you see me pierced. I come to offer you your victim! I come to expire with her, for whom alone I desired to live!'

He had hardly finished when the king commanded the priests to release the unhappy prisoners, and bring them before him. He examined Selico, wishing to know what important motive could induce him voluntarily to seek so dreadful a punishment.

Selico, whose heart panted with joy at finding Berissa again, and faithful, was not afraid to reveal every thing to the monarch. He related to him his misfortunes, the distresses of his mother, and the resolution he had taken to obtain for her the four hundred ounces of gold. Berissa and her father heard him with tears of delight and admiration: the chiefs, the soldiers, and the people melted with tenderness: the king himself perceived tears to fall, which never before had bedewed his cheeks.—

Such is the charm of virtue, that barbarians themselves adore it.

After hearing Selico, the king gave him his hand, and bad him rise; and, turning to the European merchants, whom this spectacle had collected, 'You,' said he, 'to whom wisdom, experience, and the illumination of a long civilization, have so long taught what is the specific value of a man, of how much value think you is this?' A young Frenchman more bold than the rest, exclaimed, 'ten thousand crowns of gold!'—'Which shall be given to Berissa,' said the king, 'with this she may purchase the hand of Selico.'

This order was executed on the spot, and the king of Dahomai retired, astonished at feeling a delight he had never before experienced.

Farulho the very same day gave his daughter to Selico. The young couple, accompanied by the old man, departed next day, with their treasure, to go in search of Darina. She, as well as the brothers of Selico, were ready almost to expire with joy. This virtuous family separated no more, but well enjoyed their riches, and in a barbarous region, offered, for a long period, the fairest example which heaven could give to the earth—that of happiness and wealth produced by virtue.

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#### ACCOUNT OF A REMARKABLE CONSPIRACY FORMED BY A NEGRO IN THE ISLAND OF ST. DOMINGO.\*

*Le crime a ses heros, l'erreur a ses martyrs.*

VOLTAIRE, HEN.

THE history of illustrious villains ought to be effaced from the annals of nations, did not a faithful picture of their crimes serve to render them more odious. Writers who have deigned to employ their talents in exposing the depravity of some mon-

\* The author may have embellished this story a little in the narration, but the ground work of it is undoubtedly true.



fiers, have perhaps, contributed no less to the happiness of mankind, than those who have exhibited only virtue.

The negro who is the subject of the following relation, was not so fortunate as Mahomet or Cromwell; but from what he did, the reader may judge what he would have done, had he been placed in the same situation as these two ambitious fanatics. There is no need to exaggerate the truth, to shew how horrible and dangerous his projects were; for about twenty-five years past, the people of St. Domingo have always shuddered at the name of Makandal.

Born in Africa, in one of those countries which border on Mount Atlas, this negro appeared to have been of an illustrious rank, as he had received a much better education than what negroes generally have. He could read and write the Arabic language, and he is not the only negro, reduced by bad fortune to a state of slavery, who has possessed the same talents. Makandal had also a strong natural turn for music, painting and sculpture; and though only twelve years of age when carried to the West-Indies, he was well acquainted with the medicine of his own country, and with the virtue of plants, so useful, and often so dangerous in the torrid zone.

Transported to St. Domingo, and sold to a planter in the neighbourhood of Cape Francois, Makandal soon gained the esteem of his master, by his knowledge and industry, and made himself be respected by his fellow slaves, on account of the care which he took to procure them amusements, by multiplying their festivals, and to cure their disorders, after they had baffled the skill of the European physicians. In a short time, he was the soul of all their assemblies and dances, and from one end of the island to the other, the sick who were deemed incurable, invoked the name of Makandal, sending to ask from him the leaf or root of some herb, which for the most part relieved them.

Young Makandal was known then only by his beneficence, and his great taste for pleasure. Happy! had he always employed his talents for innocent purposes; but they soon became the source of the greatest crimes.

At the age of fifteen or sixteen, love began to inflame his breast, and to rule with the most astonishing impetuosity. He did not, however, entertain an exclusive passion for one object, but every woman who possessed any charms, received part of his homage, and inflamed his senses. His passion acquired ener-

gy and activity in proportion as the objects which inspired it were multiplied. In every quarter he had a mistress. It is well known, that among the negroes, enjoyment soon follows desire; and that satiety and indifference are the usual consequences; but Makandal; on the contrary, appeared always to be more enamoured of those who had contributed to his felicity, and a proud jealousy defended the empire of his love.

The overseer of the plantation to which he belonged fell in love with a beautiful young negro girl, who had attracted the notice also of Makandal. The reader may readily imagine how much embarrassed such a female must be, to fix her choice between a rigorous and despotic master, and the most distinguished of all the negroes in that part of the country; her heart, however, inclined towards her equal, and the offers of the overseer were rejected.

Enraged at this affront, he discovered that Makandal had been the cause of it, and he vowed to be revenged; but Makandal, notwithstanding his nocturnal peregrinations, and the time which he devoted to pleasure, discharged his duty with so much punctuality and zeal; that he was never exposed to the least chastisement; a circumstance rather astonishing in a country where the lash is continually lacerating the bodies of the unhappy negroes, and where the soul of the European not yet enured by custom to the most horrid spectacles, is filled with both terror and pity.

The overseer, eagerly desirous of surprising Makandal in some fault, redoubled his vigilance, but in vain; the slave was always irreproachable. His rival, however, seeing that he could find no cause for punishing him, endeavoured to invent a pretext: and one day, in the middle of a new plantation of sugar canes, he ordered him to be stretched out on his belly, and to receive fifty lashes. The pride of Makandal revolted at this act of injustice. Instead of humbling himself, and imploring the prayers and intercession of all the other slaves, who were filled with astonishment and pity, he disdainfully cast his implements of husbandry at the feet of his rival, telling him, that such a barbarous order was to him a signal of liberty, and immediately running towards the mountains, escaped, in spite of the overseer's fury, and the pretended pursuit of the negroes, who gave themselves little trouble to overtake him.

When he had thus saved himself from the unjust punishment of an European despot, he united himself to the maroons; that is to say, run-away slaves; and twelve years elapsed before he

could be apprehended. He still, however, kept up a correspondence with his former companions; never was there a festival of any consequence celebrated, at which he was not their Corypheus. But how came the negroes to betray their friend, their comforter, and their prophet? for he had address enough to make them at length believe that he had supernatural virtues, and divine revelations. Having carved out with much art upon the head of a stick made of the orange tree, a small human figure, which when pressed a little on the back part of the head, moved its eyes and lips, and appeared to be animated, he pretended that this puppet answered whatever questions were put to it, and uttered oracles, and when he made it predict the death of any one, it is certain that he was never mistaken.

The great knowledge which Makandal had of simples, enabled him to discover in St. Domingo several poisonous plants; and by these above all he acquired great reputation.—Without explaining the means which he made use of, he would foretel that such or such another male or female negro, who sometimes lived at the distance of fifty leagues from him, would die that very day, or next morning; and those who heard him utter this denunciation, soon learned with terror that his prediction was accomplished.

The manner in which he committed crimes which were not discovered till carried to excess, was as follows: The negroes in general are very fond of commerce. In our colonies there are great numbers of them who go about with European goods to the different plantations, like our pedlars. Among these Makandal had his disciples and his zealous partizans; and it was by their means that he executed whatever good or bad action he wished to accomplish. The negroes are accustomed also to exercise the hospitable virtues with the most religious care, and to partake of some food together when they see one another after the shortest absence. When Makandal was desirous of destroying any one, he engaged one of these pedlars, who was his friend, to present the person with some vegetables or fruit, which he said would occasion death to whoever tasted it. The person, instead of imagining that Makandal had poisoned the fruit, trembled at the power of the image which he had on his stick, and executed the orders of the pretended prophet, without daring to speak to any one; the victim expired, and the presence of Makandal was every where extolled.

His friends always found in him a formidable avenger, and his rivals, his faithless mistresses, and above all, those who re-

refused to grant him favours, were sure to fall a prey to his barbarity. But love, which had favoured him so much—love, for which he incessantly committed crimes without number, at length caused his destruction, and brought him to just punishment.

Makandal had two accomplices or assistants, who blindly devoted themselves to his service. One of them was named Tysselo, the other Myombe: and it is very probable that they alone were in part acquainted with the secret means which he employed to make himself feared and respected.

It was generally to the high mountains of Margaux that he retired in the day time, and there, with those two chiefs, he assembled a number of other maroons. Upon the summits of the mountains, almost inaccessible, they had their wives and children, with well cultivated plantations; and armed troops of these plunderers came down sometimes, under the command of Makandal, to spread terror and devastation through the neighbouring plantations, or to exterminate those who had disobeyed the prophet.

Besides this, he had gained over several young negroes, who were able to give him an account of whatever passed upon the plantations to which they belonged, and among this number was Senegal Zami, aged eighteen, beautiful in shape as the Apollo of the Belvidere, and full of spirit and courage.

One Sunday, Zami having gone to an entertainment, which was given at a plantation at the distance of three leagues from that of his master, saw, on his arrival, that the dancing was begun. A number of slaves, who stood in a ring, were beholding with transports of pleasure and admiration a young female of Congo, named Samba, who danced with delightful grace, and who, to enchanting looks, united the most engaging and timid modesty. Her figure was elegant, and in her motions, which were graceful and nimble, she resembled the tender and flexible reed, agitated by the freshening breeze. Her sparkling eyes, half concealed by long eyelids, shot forth killing glances; the whiteness of her teeth exceeded that of snow, and her complexion, as black as ebony, still added to her incomparable charms. No sooner had Zami beheld her, than he felt in his bosom the first impressions of love. At the same instant chance directed the beautiful eyes of Samba towards Zami, and she was wounded by the same dart which had just pierced the heart of the young negro.



When the dance was ended, these lovers sought each other's company, and enjoyed a few happy moments together, and when they were obliged to separate, they promised to visit one another as often as they possibly could. Labor employed each of them during the day, but when the sun sunk below the horizon, they met at a private place, where, amidst a grove of odoriferous orange trees, on the turf, ever crowned with verdure, under a serene sky, never obscured by clouds, in the presence of the sparkling orbs of heaven, and favored by the silence of night, they renewed the ardent testimonies of their affection, and comforted each other by the tenderest caresses for the necessity to which their situation reduced them of separating before returning Aurora should gild the skies.

This happiness continued for near six months, when Samba perceived that she was about to become a mother. It would be impossible to describe Zami's joy when he heard this news. He was still in the delirium of his intoxication, when on quitting Samba, at the break of day, and entering his hut, he found Makandal, who was waiting for him. Makandal, who was ignorant of Zami's passion and good fortune, addressed him in the following manner.

"Zami, you know the formidable power of my image. Rejoice then, that you have found grace in its sight, and that you have merited its confidence. Go to such a plantation, seek for the beautiful Samba, who has hitherto disdained the vows of all her admirers; and who, for more than a year, has mortified me with continual refusals. Ask her to partake of some refreshment with you, and when she is about to eat, dextrously put this powder into her *calilon*\*. It will deprive Samba of life."

Zambi, struck with these words, threw himself at the feet of Makandal, and bursting into tears, said, "O! Makandal, why shouldest thou require me to sacrifice to thy vengeance the most perfect beauty, and the purest heart that can honour our country? Know that I am tenderly beloved by her, and that her love will soon give the unfortunate Zami a title to the appellation of father."

Whilst he was uttering these words, he embraced the knees of the ferocious Makandal; who, fired with indignation at seeing a happy rival, had drawn his cutlass, and would have doubtless sacrificed him to his vengeance, had he not heard the voices of some Europeans, who were calling the slaves to their labour.

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\* Soup which the negroes make of a kind of plant.

He had time, therefore, only to save himself with precipitation, and, without reflecting on the consequences, left the poisonous power in the hands of Zami.

Zami immediately resolved to make a full discovery to the overseer; but he still feared Makandal, whose image he dreaded, and on that account he thought it prudent to be silent.

The day appeared to him to be insupportably long. He was oppressed with sadness and uneasiness; but, at length, when his labor was ended, he flew to meet his beloved Samba, and repaired to the orange grove.

Samba had not yet arrived. Her lover waited a long time with inexpressible impatience, agitated between hope and fear. Every moment he imagined he heard the sound of her steps; the least noise, the slightest agitation of the trees heightened his illusion, and made his heart beat with joy. But perceiving that the hour of appointment was passed, the most dismal forebodings took possession of his soul; he gave himself up to the most terrible conjectures, and he at length lost all hopes of seeing the dear object of his love, when the great bear announced that it was midnight. Stimulated by impatience, he hastened to the habitation of Samba; the fears of alarming a strange plantation did not repress his ardor, and he could no longer delay to inform himself what was become of his mistress.

But who can describe the terror, the grief, and the despair of the unfortunate Zami, when, on approaching the hut of his adored Samba, he heard the lamentations of several negro women. He entered, and beheld Samba stretched out on a mat; he threw himself towards her, upon which, lifting up her dying eyes, she stretched out her hand and expired, pronouncing the name of Zami.

Zami fell motionless by her side: he was carried away senseless, and was not informed till next morning that a female negro hawker had been on the plantation, and had dined with Samba. He then discovered what he knew of Makandal's design, and he shewed the powder, which a chemist at Cape Francois examined, and found to be violent poison.

It was then suspected what had been the cause of an immense number of sudden deaths which happened among the negroes. People shuddered at the thoughts of the danger which threatened the whole colony: the officers of justice were dispersed throughout the country to seize Makandal, but they despaired of being able to succeed, when Zami offered to secure him.

He armed himself only with a club made of the wood of the guava tree, and lay hid to watch him in a narrow pass of the mountain, to which Makandal had retired. There he waited for five days, but on the sixth, before the dawn of day, he heard him marching along with two or three other maroons. Zami immediately starting up, knocked down Makandal's two companions. Makandal drew his cutlass to make a stroke at Zami, who, with a blow of his club, made him drop it from his hand, and immediately rushing upon him, held him fast, and having tied his hands behind his back with his long girdle, conducted him to the Cape.

Some of Makandal's accomplices were arrested also, and when put to the rack, confessed the secret of the poison. They did more—they declared that Makandal's intention was to destroy privately the greater part of the planters, or to ruin them, by poisoning all those slaves who appeared to be attached to them; and lastly, to exterminate the whole race of white men by a general massacre, which would render him the deliverer and sovereign of the whole island. The truth of this dreadful conspiracy was confirmed by the evidence of several other confidants of Makandal, but he himself would never confess any thing: he retained his audacity and fanaticism even in the midst of the flames. He declared haughtily from the top of the pile, that the fire would respect his body; that instead of dying, he would only change his form; and that he would always remain in the island, either as a large gnat, a bird, or a serpent, to protect his nation. His discourse made the ignorant negroes believe that his image would save him; a singular circumstance appeared even for a moment to favor this opinion. A post had been driven into the earth, around which a pile of faggots was raised, and Makandal was fixed to the stake by means of a wooden collar. The efforts which he made when fire was put to the pile were so violent that he tore up the stake, and walked ten or twelve paces with it in the midst of the spectators. All the negroes immediately cried out, a miracle! but a soldier, who happened to be near, soon shewed by a stroke of his sabre, that he was more powerful than the pretended prophet; and he was once more thrown into the pile, where he suffered the punishment he so justly deserved.

Such was the origin of the devastation occasioned by poison in the island of St. Domingo, where such practices are become more rare, though they are not yet entirely eradicated.

As, for Zami, when he had avenged the unfortunate Samba, he put himself to death, in hopes of meeting with a lover, without whom he considered life as an insupportable burden.

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## LIFE OF JOHN FOTHERGILL, M. D. F. R. S.

(Continued from page 84.)

FROM his garden at Upton he sent duplicates of plants to Lea Hall, and by this revived and extended horticulture, where it had long been neglected. There also he arranged his medical observations, for which his memory will be respected, and thence he maintained a correspondence with most parts of the civilized world. Europeans, whom the spirit of commerce had prompted to visit distant climes, conveyed to him through various channels such rare productions, as occurred to them in the course of their travels. His domestic correspondence within the kingdom was also very extensive; but great as these avocations might be, they bore but a small proportion to the time and attention which he constantly devoted to that Society at large of which he was a member, and which, though united in principle amongst each other, admitted of contingencies that required great influence and considerable abilities; but at the same time he never neglected the tender offices of private friendship in the most enlarged and beneficent sense. Among his familiar correspondents, besides his own relations, were Dr. Percival, of Manchester, Dr. Falconer, of Bath, the late Dr. Dobson, of Bath, Dr. Haygarth, of Chester, Dr. Ash, of Birmingham, Dr. Anthony Fothergill, of Bath, Dr. Priestley, Henry Zouch, of Sandal, Dr. Johnstone, of Worcester, Professor Hope of Edinburgh, the late Dr. Pemberton, of Warrington, and Dr. J. C. Lettsom, of Basinghall-street, from whose memoirs of him the present life is extracted. Among all his contemporaries, how-



ever, the learned Dr. Cumming, of Dorchester, enjoyed the most unbounded share of his confidence. They had been associates at the college of Edinburgh, and intimate fellow students, but parted with reluctance to occupy different stations in the kingdom, yet their frequent communication by writing was interrupted only by death:—they long maintained a familiar correspondence in easy and classical Latin, for which they were both qualified in an eminent degree. The late Dr. Russel, the accurate author of the History of Aleppo, was their early friend, and he continued firmly attached to them both, till the hour of his decease; at which period Dr. Fothergill, sensible of the loss he had sustained, wished to have his surviving associate, Dr. Cumming, nearer his bosom, and he strongly urged him to remove to the metropolis, but, after the warmest invitation, *his Cumming*, for this was the tender expression which he used, with a calm philosophy that knew how to estimate the enjoyments of life, disinterestedly preferred the private but tranquil scenes of it, to hurry and pecuniary advantages. Among Dr. Fothergill's intimate friends, we must not forget to introduce also David Barclay, a descendant of the great Apologist, a gentleman distinguished for his virtue and ample generosity, and who was every way worthy of his confidence and esteem.

It would be difficult to trace Dr. Fothergill's pen, through all the various and useful subjects, on which it was employed during the few months that he retired every year into Cheshire. We are well assured, that he used sometimes to write six hours a day successively, and he seldom wrote but for private information or for public instruction. Even his journeys into the country, and back to town, presented some striking observations to his inquisitive mind, which afforded improvement in agriculture, or useful reflections in life and manners. In returning from one of his latest excursions to Lea Hall, by the way of Buxton, partly on account of his sister's health, he suggested the means of rendering the waters of that place more beneficial, by pointing out improvements in their use, and that too with more ease and convenience to the patients. These we believe have been since carried into execution.

With North America his correspondence was very extensive. His father had thrice traversed that continent in the service of religion, and his brother Samuel had followed the pious example of his father. Many families, from the fame of his medical skill, crossed the Atlantic to place themselves under his care. By such opportunities he acquired an intimate acquaintance with

the disposition of the inhabitants, and the qualities of their soil; which enabled him to suggest various improvements in gardening, rural economy, agriculture and commerce. With his friend Peter Collinson, he encouraged the cultivation of the vine, with the introduction of such exotic vegetables as might be usefully transplanted to different regions of that extensive continent; and he laboured with others for a series of years, and at length successfully, to abolish the slave trade among his own brethren. No man valued personal liberty with more enthusiasm, and few exerted their influence more strenuously in favor of the miserable captives of Africa. On the North-American continent, negro slavery is almost, if not entirely annihilated, but in the West-India islands, it will probably be continued, under certain restrictions, till the pecuniary interests of the Europeans can be diverted into another channel.—To effect this, Dr. Fothergill suggested the cultivation of the sugar cane on the continent of Africa, where it seems to have been indigenous, and where it thrives luxuriantly: and that the natives should be employed as servants for hire, and not as slaves compelled to labor at the pleasure of an arbitrary despot. Such a plan had indeed been before proposed by one of the most powerful princes of Guinea. After the King of Dahomey had conquered the kingdom of Whidah, in the year 1727, he was so intent on the execution of this plan, that he sent Bullfinch Lambe, his prisoner, whom he had loaded with favors, to the Court of Great Britain, to engage its commerce and support. Upon that occasion, he presented his ambassador with eighty slaves, and three hundred and twenty ounces of gold, to bear his expences, and to induce him to return; but Lambe, after he got possession of so much wealth, settled in Barbadoes, and never visited Europe, or farther interested himself in the project of his generous benefactor. The richness of the soil, the abundance of provisions, the convenience of carriage, and indeed a great many other considerations, all strongly supported the idea of cultivating the sugar cane on the African continent.

A mind actuated by the warmest sentiments of amity and friendship, cannot be deficient in benevolent actions; and in this respect Dr. Fothergill's character appears in a very favorable point of view. The inferior clergy were more immediately the objects of his liberality and attention; and of this we have the following instance, related by Dr. Hurd: "Being brought up in that line of education (speaking of the clergy) which in the opinion of the world precludes bodily labor, and

to which the idea of a gentleman is annexed, without a competency to support the character, to many of these I am an evidence that he was a kind friend and a private benefactor, not only by his advice in personal distress, but also by his purse on several trying occasions—nay, so cordial was his humanity towards these, that on a friend's hinting to him whilst he was in the country, that his favours were not marked with propriety of distinction, (the gentleman from whom he had refused his fee being placed in a high rank in the church, with an independent fortune) he returned a ready explanation of his principle of action:—*I had rather, said the doctor, return the fee of a gentleman, with whose rank I am not perfectly acquainted, than run the risk of taking it from a man, who ought, perhaps, to be the object of my bounty.* Such was the noble manner of this most excellent man."

The following anecdotes also do great honor to his memory: A friend of his, a man of a worthy character, had in the early part of his life settled in London, with only a curacy of fifty pounds per annum, to maintain a wife and a numerous family. An epidemical disease, which was then prevalent, having attacked his wife and five children, in this scene of distress he instantly turned his thoughts to the doctor, but had not courage to apply for assistance from him, as he was conscious of his own inability to reward him for his attendance. A friend of his, who knew his situation, kindly offered to accompany him to the doctor's, and to pay him his fee. They therefore took advantage of his hour of audience, and, after a description of the several cases, the fee was offered and refused; but a note was taken of the clergyman's residence, and the doctor called assiduously the next and every succeeding day, till his attendance was no longer necessary. The curate, anxious to return some mark of the grateful sense which he entertained of his services, strained every nerve to accomplish it, but to his utter astonishment, instead of receiving the money which he offered, with apologies for his situation, the doctor put ten guineas into his hand, desiring him at the same time to apply to him without the least diffidence in any future difficulty.

Though he too frequently met with ungrateful returns, amidst the diffusion of his favors, he never suffered instances of this kind to check the ardor of his mind in doing all the good he could to others; and even to those who returned ingratitude for kindness, he still continued his charity. It was his common expression, when he found his favors misapplied, or himself im-

posed on, "I had much rather that my favours should fall upon many undeserving objects, than that one truly deserving should escape my notice.

The contest with America, by involving families in distress, equally unexpected and unavoidable, not only tended to promote diseases, but likewise precluded the means of procuring that medical advice which was once attainable. The doctor, whose sympathetic mind was actively alive to human woe, sensible that confidence in the practitioner contributes much to the recovery of the sick, frequently introduced himself into such families, where he had attended in the days of prosperity, at the same time, apologizing for his intrusion in a manner the least likely to hurt the feelings of oppressed dignity; and on their recovering health, when he paid the last visit, it was not unusual with him, under the appearance of feeling the pulse, to slip into the patient's hand a sum of money, or a bank note. In one instance, we are assured, that the donation thus conveyed amounted to 150*l*.

(To be continued.)

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#### A LETTER FROM DR. MITCHELL, ON THE OPERATION OF MANURE.

To NOAH WEBSTER, Jun. Esq.

New York, December 10, 1797.

DEAR SIR,

**T**HE inclosed account of the operation of the manure, collected from the streets of our city, in increasing the productiveness of land, was lately put into my hands for the information of the Agricultural Society: and I have been directed to cause it to be made public. The extraordinary crops of Indian corn afforded by it, redound highly to the skill and judgment of the gentlemen, who undertook the experiments. The sub-



ject is interesting in several respects. To our farmers it must be peculiarly agreeable to learn what a great amount of grain can be raised by proper management, on a small piece of land. To our commissioners of the health-office, it must be no less welcome intelligence, that the collected mass of nuisance which they are with such happy success engaged in removing from the city, is convertible by the powers of vegetation, from poison to wholesome articles of food. To the citizens at large, and particularly to yourself, who have explored with such minuteness and such extent of research, the connection between these local and domestic sources of pestilential exhalations, and our annual visitations of endemic distempers—there must be high satisfaction in contemplating how the purity and healthiness of the towns, may contribute to the thriftiness and wealth of the surrounding country.—And to all of us, it is matter of the utmost moment, to receive additional proofs of the power of the alkaline qualities of the lime, pot-ash and soda, thrown out and scattered about the streets to neutralize the acid vapours which excite fevers and plagues among us, and convert them into the richest of manures; thus by one operation clearing the atmosphere of its noxious fumes, and preparing nourishment for the vegetable world.

I hope one day to be able to add to these testimonials, the result of my own experiments on these carbonates and *ascetates* of lime, pot-ash and soda, in raising crops of barley and wheat; and in the mean time entertain the hope that further particulars concerning the operation of the *street manure* in raising Indian corn, will be given us by the gentlemen who have conducted the experiments I send you. I think we are getting on the right tract of inquiry about these matters, and shall soon be able, for it is most certainly in our power, to make pestilence submit to municipal and agricultural regulations.

Your's with much esteem,

SAMUEL L. MITCHELL, Sec'y.

TO THE  
SECRETARY OF THE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY  
OF NEW-YORK.

A FEW days ago I saw published in the newspapers of this city, an extract from a Jersey paper, giving an account of the great fecundity of the soil, in the neighbourhood of Elizabeth-Town; 155 bushels of Indian corn in the ears had been produced from an acre of land. This was certainly a great crop—but this falls vastly short of what *may* be gotten off an equal quantity of ground. As an incitement to the spirit of emulation and industry among farmers in the United States, I shall now lay before them a short account of the result of two crops of 3 acres each, which were planted in the neighbourhood of this city, in consequence of a wager of 50 guineas. In pursuance of the terms of this bet, which were reduced to writing, the ground in which the crop stood belonging to each party, was accurately measured—and when gathered, each crop was measured by a person sent by the adverse party for the express purpose.—From the nature of the case it is evident, that the results of these crops of corn, would not fail of being ascertained with the utmost attention to accuracy. One common measure was made by both parties, and upon shelling out the ears contained in this measure, the produce of each crop was as follows:

The produce of the crop raised by Mr. John Stevens, of Hoboken—Sum total of measures full of corn in the ear, 233 2-3—A measure full contained 1 bushel and a half and 1 pint of shelled corn; 233 2-3, gives consequently 353 bushels, and 6 quarts, or 118 bushels and 2 quarts per acre.

The produce of the crop raised by Mr. Daniel Ludlow, of Westchester, is as follow:

Total 182 measures of corn in the ear. Shelled corn in a measure full, 1 bushel and a half and 4 quarts—which in 182 gives 295 bushels and 12 quarts, or 98 bushels 14 quarts per acre.

These are truly noble crops and do honor to the industry and agricultural skill of the cultivators; and as each of the gentlemen have in their mode of culture deviated from the common routine of practical farmers, a short account of the process adop-

ted by each, cannot fail of proving useful, and instructive to the members of the society, and to every American farmer.

I have not had an opportunity of obtaining any minutes from Mr. L. himself respecting his crop. But am informed that he planted his corn in continued rows, at about 4 feet asunder, and about 8 inches from stalk to stalk in the rows; and that he manured his ground with 200 horse cart loads of *street dirt*.

Mr. S. informs me that he gave his ground three plowings before planting, and before the last plowing put on 700 horse cart loads of *street manure*—That he planted in double rows at 5 1-2 feet asunder—that he was at the pains of dibbling in each grain. To do which with expedition and accuracy, he bored two rows of holes in a piece of board of about four feet long, so as to form equilateral triangles, the sides of which were seven inches as thus

..... Into these holes he drove pegs about 3 1-2 inches long. As the corn was dropped into the holes, made with this machine, a man followed with a basket of rotten dung, with which he filled them up. Then came up the carts, out of which the rows were sprinkled with a coat of *street manure*. During the season the crop was weeded threetimes. The intervals were repeatedly plowed, and the rows kept perfectly clean of weeds, by hoeing and hand weeding.

But extraordinary as this crop must appear, Mr. Stevens is confident that he should have had considerably more corn, had not his crop suffered very greatly by a thunder storm, which laid the greater part of it down at the time the ears were setting.

AGRICOLA.

## FROM THE NEW-YORK GAZETTE.

[In making the following extract public, we expect to oblige a great proportion of our readers, at well as the gentleman who handed it for publication.]

To Mr. ———, New York,

Dear Sir,

**I**N my last, I promised you a copy of John Evans's letter, but the whole being rather too long to transcribe, I send you an extract. After enumerating his difficulties and suffering on the *Mississippi*, which have been already published, he gives a short account of his journey up the *Missouri*.

"August, 1795, I started from St. Louis, in company with James Mackay\* commandant on the *Missouri*, and wintered with him the same year with the *Mahas* nation, on said river. Whilst here, I spent 25 days with the Indians on their hunting ground, then returned to Post Mahas, where I tarried two months.

"In February, 1796, I re-commenced my journey to the Westward, and at the distance of 300 miles from the *Mahas*, was discovered by some hostile Indians, called the *Ceaux*; being obliged to retreat, I again returned to the *Mahas*, but in June following undertook the same route, and in August arrived at the *Mandans* and *Big Belly* nation, 300 leagues from the *Mahas*, and 600 from the confluence of the *Missouri* with the *Mississippi*.

"The *Missouri*, for 260 leagues from St. Louis, traverses and forms beautiful meanders through fine meadows, as level as a table; the vale or bottom is from 12 to 18 miles in breadth—the river sometimes glides along the hills on each side, but its general course is to the South of the plain—for 400 leagues it is full of little islands, and receives very considerable streams above R. Platte, 190 L. from St. Louis—from the *Pancas* to

\* The same person to whom I delivered the English Welsh vocabulary at Cincinnati, and at the same time recommended Evans to his care.



the *Mandans*, which is about 190 L. it has forced its way, and runs furiously, through mountains and hills full of mines.

"Having explored and taken a chart of the Missouri, for 1800 miles, I returned with its rapid current, in 68 days,\* after being absent near two years—was well received by the Spanish officers, who pressinglly solicit me to undertake another adventure across the continent to the Pacific.

"In respect to the *Welsh Indians*, I have only to inform you that I could not meet with such a people, and from the intercourse I have had with the Indians from lat. 35 to 49, I think you may with safety inform your friends, that they have no existence!

"The application made to me by this government, prevents my coming at present to Philadelphia—should I accept of the offer, it will be some time before I see you.

With due respect,

I am, dear Sir,

Your humble servant,

JOHN THOMAS EVANS."

#### FROM ZIMMERMAN ON NATIONAL PRIDE.

**A**MONG the Greeks, a foreigner and a barbarian were synonymous terms, and were employed as such among the Romans.—At Vienna, at Paris and at Rome, a Swiss and a brute were long esteemed equivalent denominations."

The modern Italians place themselves upon a level with the ancient Romans—the present squalid inhabitants of Campania speak of Roman consuls, generals and emperors, as their townsmen and relations.

Englishmen acknowledge themselves that they inherit from their ancestors, a stupid prepossession against all other inhabi-

\* St. Louis, 15th July, 1797.

tants of the globe. Their national prejudices are too conspicuous in the conduct towards the natives of their two sister kingdoms. Nothing is more frequently heard in England, than 'you beggarly Scott, or, 'you blood-thirsty impudent Irish lout.' In general an Englishman stuffed with beef, pudding and porter, heartily despises every other nation of Europe.

The French, in their own estimation, are the only thinking beings in the universe. They think themselves entitled to give laws to every nation, because all Europe implicitly follow the dictates of their milliners, taylorers, hairdressers and cooks."

The Greenlander, who laps with his dog, in the same platter, despises the Dane. The Cossacks and Calmucks possess the greatest contempt for their masters, the Russians.

The kings of Madura boast of their illustrious pedigree, being descended in a right line from a Jack Ass.

All religious sects and parties have conceived themselves infallible. Each entertains the opinion that, among all religious communities, theirs alone possesses the knowledge of divine truth in its purity. They reciprocally condemn, abhor and reproach each other with idleness, obstinacy, hardness of heart, or deceit. They all believe themselves in the strait road to heaven, and that all others are wandering in the path to hell and perdition. The Turks maintain that the Persians are the identical saddle asses on which the Jews are to canter away to hell at the day of judgment.

"Nothing is so ridiculous as remarks arising from an ignorance of foreign affairs. "A Paris bookseller, hearing of the king of Prussia's love of books, with astonishment asked, "What! has the King of Prussia also a library?" Thus far our author.

This reminds us what several times happened before the late revolution in America. Americans went to London on business, on being introduced to merchants, there, it was often remarked, with surprise, that they spoke "good English."

## P O E T R Y

L I N E S

ADDED BY

MR. H A S T I N G

TO

M I C K L E L U S I A D.

IN the Tenth Book of the *LUSIAD* of CAMOENS, the goddess predicts to Gama the future conquests of the Portuguese in India. After detailing the heroic actions of Pacheco, she laments his fate in the following passage, to which Mr. Hastings, continuing the predictions to his own times, added the succeeding lines which are distinguished by inverted commas.

THE lofty song, for paleness o'er her spread,  
 The nymph suspends, and bows the languid head;  
 Her faltering words are breath'd in plaintive sighs,  
 Ah! Belisarius! injur'd chief, she cries,  
 Ah! wipe thy tears: in war thy rival see,  
 Godlike Pacheco falls despoil'd like thee:  
 In him, in thee, dishonour'd Virtue bleeds,  
 And Valour weeps to view her fairest deeds!  
 Weeps o'er Pacheco when forlorn he lies  
 Deep in the dungeon's gloom, and friendless dies,  
 " Yet shrink not, gallant Lusian, nor repine  
 " That man's eternal destiny is thine!  
 " Where'er success th' advent'rous chief befriends,  
 " Fell malice on his parting step attends;

" On Britain's candidates for fame await,  
 " As now on thee, the stern decrees of fate.  
 " Thus are Ambition's fondest hopes o'er-reach'd,  
 " One dies *imprison'd*—and one lives *impeach'd*!"

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## EXTRACT FROM THE LIBRARY.

## A POEM.

**B**UT who are these? Methinks a noble mien,  
 And awful grandeur in their form are seen,  
 Now in disgrace: what tho' neglect has shed  
 Polluting dust on every reverend head;  
 What though beneath yon gilded tribe they lie,  
 And dull observers pass insulting by;  
 Forbid it shame, forbid it decent awe,  
 What seems so grave should no attention draw:  
 Come let us then with reverend step advance,  
 And greet—the ancient worthies of Romance.  
 Hence, ye prophane! I feel a former dread,  
 A thousand visions float around my head;  
 Hark! hollow blasts through empty courts resound;  
 And shadowy forms with staring eyes stalk round;  
 See! moats and bridges, walls and castles rise,  
 Ghosts, fairies, dæmons, dance before our eyes;  
 Lo! magic verse inscrib'd on golden gate,  
 And bloody hand that beckens on to fate:  
 " And who art thou, thou little page, unfold?  
 " Say doth thy Lord my Claribel with-hold?  
 " Go tell him strait, Sir Knight, thou must resign  
 " Thy captive Queen—for Claribel is mine."  
 Away he flies; and now for bloody deeds,  
 Black suits of armour, masks, and foaming steeds;  
 The Giant falls—his recreant throat I seize,  
 And from his corslet take the massy keys;  
 Dukes, Lords, and Knight's in long procession move,  
 Releas'd from bondage with my virgin love;—  
 She comes, she comes in all the charms of youth,  
 Unequal'd love and unsuspected truth!



Ah ! happy he who thus in magic themes,  
 O'er worlds bewitch'd, in early rapture dreams,  
 Where wild Enchantment waves her potent wand,  
 And Fancy's beauties fill her fairy land ;  
 Where doubtful objects strange desires excite,  
 And fear and ignorance afford delight.

But lost, for ever lost, to me these joys,  
 Which Reason scatters, and which Time destroys ;  
 Too dearly bought, maturer Judgment calls  
 My busied mind from tales and madrigals ;  
 My doughty Giants all are slain or fled,  
 And all my Knights, blue, green, and yellow, dead ;  
 No more the midnight Fairy tribe I view  
 All in the merry moonshine tipling dew ;  
 Ev'n the last lingering fiction of the brain,  
 The church-yard Ghost, is now at rest again ;  
 And all these wayward wanderings of my youth,  
 Fly Reason's power, and shun the light of Truth.

With Fiction then does real joy reside,  
 And is our Reason the delusive guide ?  
 Is it then right to dream the Syrens sing ?  
 Or mount enraptur'd on the Dragon's wing ?  
 No, 'tis the infant mind, to care unknown,  
 That makes th' imagin'd paradise its own ;  
 Soon as reflections in the bosom rise,  
 Light slumbers vanish from the clouded eyes ;  
 The tear and smile, that once together rose,  
 Are then divorc'd ; the head and heart are foes ;  
 Enchantment bows to Wisdom's serious plan,  
 And pain and prudence make and mar the man.

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## S O N N E T.

### INVITATION TO A FRIEND.

SINCE dark December shrouds the transient day,  
 And stormy Winds are howling in their ire,  
 Why com't not THOU, who always can't inspire  
 The soul of cheerfulness, and best array  
 A sullen hour in smiles ?—O ! haste to pay  
 The cordial visit sullen hours require !  
 Around the circling Walls a glowing fire

Shines;—but it vainly shines in this delay  
 To blend thy spirit's warm Promethean light.  
 Come then, at Science, and at Friendship's call,  
 Their vow'd Disciple;—come, for they invite;  
 The social Powers without thee languish all.  
 Come,—that I may not *bear* the winds of night,  
 Nor *count* the heavy eye-drops as they fall!

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### THE MOURNER.

COME, Smiles; come, gay Attire, and hide  
 The anguish rankling in my breast!—  
 I'll lay my sable garb aside,  
 And seem to cold Enquirers blest.

Yes:—I will happy Triflers join,  
 As when Grief's dart beside me flew,  
 And Love and all its joys were mine,  
 And Sorrow but by name I knew;  
 Ere DEATH had seal'd the cruel doom  
 Which call'd my HENRY to the tomb!

Hard was the stroke:—but, O, I hate  
 The sacred pomp of Grief to show!  
 Thron'd in my breast, in secret state,  
 Shall live the rev'rend form of WOE.

I hate the tear which PITY gives;  
 I'm jealous of her curious eye:  
 The only balm my heart receives;  
 Is from my own UNHEEDED sigh!

When veil'd in night, to sleep a foe,  
 I bend before the throne of WOE—

A Face of Smiles, a Heart of Tears!  
 So, in the Church-yard, realm of Death,  
 The Turf increasing vendure wears,  
 While all is pale and DEAD beneath!

## ODE TO WISDOM.

BY MRS. BARBAULD.

**O** WISDOM, if thy soft controul  
Can sooth the sickness of the soul,  
Can bid the warring passions cease,  
And breathe the calm of tender peace;  
Wisdom, I bless thy gentle sway,  
And ever, ever will obey.

But if thou com'st with frown austere,  
To nurse the brood of care and fear;  
To bid our sweetest passions die,  
And leave us in their room a sigh:  
Or if thy aspect stern have power  
To wither each poor transient flower  
That cheers this pilgrimage of woe,  
And dry the springs where hope should flow;  
Wisdom, thy empire I disclaim,  
Thou empty boast of pompous name,  
In gloomy shade of cloisters dwell,  
But never haunt my cheerful cell.  
Hail to pleasure's frolic train!  
Hail to fancy's golden reign!  
Festive mirth and laughter wild,  
Free and sportive as a child,  
Hope, with eager sparkling eyes,  
And easy faith and fond surprise;  
Let these, in fairy colours dress'd,  
Forever share my careless breast;  
Then, though wise I may not be,  
The wise themselves shall envy me.

## ADDRESS TO THE BARD,

BY HIS NATIVE MUSE.

[EXTRACTED FROM THE VISION, A POEM]

By the Late ROBERT BURNS.

**W**ITH future hope, I oft would gaze,  
Fond on thy little early ways,

Thy rudely-caroll'd, chiming phrase  
     In uncouth rhymes,  
 Fir'd at the simple, artless Lays  
     Of other times.

I saw thee seek the sounding shore,  
 Delighted with the dashing roar ;  
 Or, when the North his fleecy store  
     Drove thro' the sky,  
 I saw grim NATURE's visage hoar  
     Struck thy young eye.

Or, when the deep-green mantled Earth  
 Warm cherish'd ev'ry flow'ret's birth,  
 And joy and music pouring forth  
     In ev'ry Grove,  
 I saw thee eye the gen'ral mirth  
     With boundless love.

When ripen'd fields and azure skies  
 Call'd forth the Reaper's rustling noise,  
 I saw thee leave their evening joys,  
     And lonely stalk,  
 To vent thy bosom's swelling rise  
     In pensive walk.

When youthful Love, warm-blushing strong,  
 Keen-shiv'ring, shot thy nerves along,  
 Those accents grateful to thy tongue  
     (Th' adored Name)  
 I taught thee how to pour in Song,  
     To soothe thy flame.

I saw thy pulse's madd'ning play,  
 Wild, send thee Pleasure's devious way,  
 Misled by Fancy's meteor-ray,  
     By Passion driven ;  
 But, yet, the *Light* that led astray  
     Was—*Light* from Heaven.